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SIXPENCE.
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A CHAT WITH MISS MARIE TEMPEST.

It was a wet, miserable morning when I called on Miss Marie Tempest at her hotel in Chicago. She did not bemoan the weather; instead, she took her revenge on it by looking particularly bright and *chic*.

When a man has to say something about a pretty woman's toilet, he ought to eschew details, otherwise he makes all sorts of blunders. Miss Marie Tempest was in black, with white, foamy kind of ruffles about the bodice. A single sun-glint, to catch in her dark brown hair, would have completed the picture.

Naturally, our talk was about Miss Tempest's work in America—at least, that was the central idea.

"Shortly," she said, "I finish this, my third season in America. As I have always done, I go to England for a holiday. Then I return to America in the autumn. No; I shall not be playing while I'm in England. It will be a holiday trip pure and simple."

"Of course; though, you will play in England again by-and-bye?"

"Surely, surely; but, frankly, I'm afraid that engagements at the rate of two hundred pounds a week are great temptations for one to remain in America. Salaries like that are not to be got in England. Now, don't imagine for a minute that I regard dollars and cents as the height and realisation of life. I don't—not in the least. America in many other ways has been very, very good to me. I like the people, I like the country—in fine, I think America a great country."

"As a country, do you; might I ask, prefer it to England?"

"I make no choice between England and America; they are almost as one to me. As an Englishwoman—an Englishwoman to the core, mind you, and proud of the fact—I love England. I should be ungrateful—I should be unjust—if I did not also love America. Home is home to everybody, and homeland could not be more to anyone than it is to me. You understand me, don't you? In my case, I like to see the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes flying together."

"You have played in many pieces in America; which of them all has been most successful?"

"It is hard to say, for they always have been successful—'The Red Hussar,' 'Dorothy,' 'Carmen,' 'The Bohemian Girl,' 'The Fencing Master,' and so on. My favourite opera, if you care to know it, is 'Carmen,' a work of which I never tire. The piece, too, is a very favourite one with American people, whom I regard as great judges of the drama and of music. You cannot take in an American public with a poor play or a poor artist. If an American audience is dissatisfied they do not hiss, as the way is in England—not at all; they simply get up and walk out without saying a word."

"Empty seats of that kind have not, I suspect, spoken to you in any part of America?"

"I'm glad to say not. My knowledge of the manner Americans have of expressing dissatisfaction does not come from personal knowledge. The only really trying time I have had in America was my first

appearance in New York. I thought—for I can remember it all very well—that my heart would break. Shall I tell you of that experience?"

"By all means. You were quite a stranger to New York?"

"Yes; I came to America, if I might so express it, on rubbers. Rubbers in England are called goloshes, and you know when you wear goloshes you don't make any noise walking. Well, I appeared at Palmer's Theatre in a very quiet way; by that I mean no kind of trumpet noise heralded my appearance. When I walked on to the stage I was received with perfect silence.

Not a hand-clap of encouragement, not a voice of welcome. It was quite dreadful—as I said, heart-breaking. I might have been Polly Smith from nowhere, so utterly alone did I feel myself. The situation nerved me to do my utmost, and if I can sing at all I sang well then. By the time I had finished my song the ice had melted. They waved their handkerchiefs, shouted 'bravos,' and applauded in a fashion to delight any artiste, not to say a woman. Since then American audiences have treated me better than well."

"If you had sung that song badly—if you had disappointed your audience—what would have happened?"

"Why, if I had had no voice, no method, no qualities of the artiste, I should, I suppose, like others, have passed out of the lives of those who sat to try me. An English reputation in America is a very great deal, but it is not everything. An English actor or actress coming here, unless he or she stand at the very top of the profession, must go through a new court of judgment. An American audience will not accept a reputation unless they have themselves confirmed it. In the course of years they have, you see, had not a few disappointments from England."

"Then, tell me what kind of artistes the American public do take to, for they, no doubt, have their preferences?"

"My idea is that they prefer someone who is bright and has some go. The measure of one's reception is the measure of one's power to entertain—to please. 'We don't want old, gumless people from England,' I have heard it said.

On the whole, I should say of American theatre-goers that they are very critical and discriminating, and, if the judgment is favourable, very enthusiastic and loyal. But it is not in America as in England, once a favourite always a favourite—not to the same extent, at least. If there is any kind of falling-off on the part of the artiste, then I should expect to see it reflected in a falling-off of public support."

"Madam, you are a keen observer. You can tell me what fare in the drama is most congenial to the American people?"

"So far as I can judge, and taking America as a whole, comic opera and farce-comedy are the two most popular styles of the drama. But much depends upon who is playing in a piece. If you have Henry Irving and Miss Terry in 'Hamlet,' where in America will 'Hamlet' not draw full houses?"

I could not dare to ask more questions, for the number of cards from waiting visitors had accumulated to quite a pile on Miss Marie Tempest's table.

J. M.



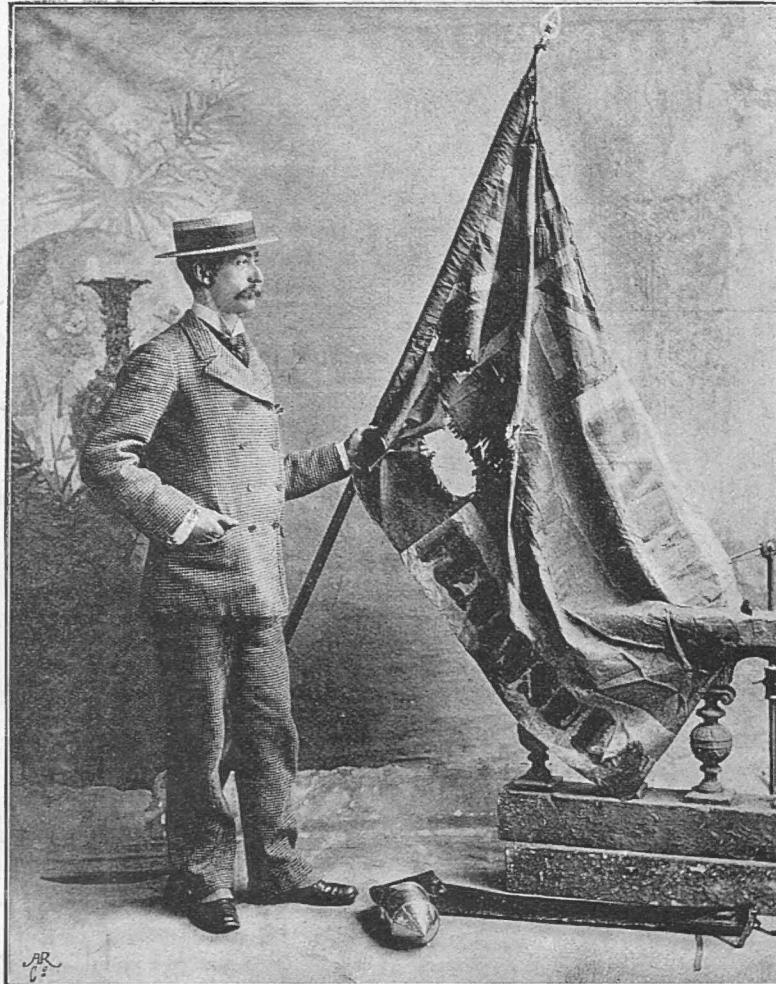
MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS MANON.

Photo by Sarony, New York.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Unionism loves the picturesque. There was not a little of the romantic at the great Ulster Hall meeting in Belfast, but the sight that appealed most to the imagination was when Captain Clark-Kennedy, late of the Coldstreams, grasping the tattered flag which the Grenadier Guards carried at Waterloo, declared amid the wildest enthusiasm: "This is the dear old banner you are asked to desert"; to which came the thundering reply: "Never, never! We'll die for it." This flag trick was performed at two subsequent meetings.

The tattered but talismanic colour bears upon it the legends of "Peninsula, Waterloo, Corunna, Lincelles, and Barrosa," and is much war-worn and torn. It was one of the Grenadier Guards company colours (now out of date), and bears an officer's badge in the centre and the Union Jack in the upper corner. The owner of this standard,



Captain Clark-Kennedy, is a D.L., and J.P. for Kirkeudbrightshire, member of many scientific societies, and is eldest son of the late Colonel J. Clark-Kennedy, C.B., who saw service in all parts of the world, and died in the Abyssinian War.

Far more famous, however, was his grandfather, General Sir Alexander Clark-Kennedy. This gallant soldier distinguished himself by killing with his own hand six Frenchmen at Waterloo, besides capturing the "eagle" and colours of Napoleon's 105th Regiment of Infantry, which are now on the walls of Chelsea Hospital. Captain Clark-Kennedy has written some vigorous songs, notably the patriotic song, "Rouse ye, Ulster!" which has been set to music by Dan Godfrey.

Manchester has only seventy days' water supply in its reservoirs, and must practise the greatest economy.

It is forty years ago since the Crystal Palace started on its mission, and to celebrate the occasion there was a special display on Saturday afternoon, when the Maharaja of Bhaunagar, the Thakore of Gondal, with his wife and children, and two Rajahs paid a visit to the Palace. It was on Saturday, June 10, 1854, that the Queen opened it, accompanied by Prince Albert, the King of Portugal, the Duke of Oporto, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, Princess Alice, and Prince Alfred. A few months later the Emperor and Empress of the French paid it a visit. The latest royal visitors were the German Emperor and Empress, two years ago.

During its forty years' existence, the Palace has been visited by nearly a hundred million people, the biggest record for any one day being 94,000. This was on the Patriotic Day, after the Crimean War. Mr. August Manns is the only important official whose connection with the Palace is as old as the Palace itself. The fireworks on Saturday were surely the highest development of pyrotechnic art.

The Hyde Park demonstration on Saturday in favour of local option went off without a hitch, though 150,000 people were present on the occasion. From twenty platforms addresses were delivered, and none of them more humorously than by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who, like Niobe at the Strand Theatre, despite her age—500 nights—was, as usual, "all smiles."

Is an Indian Commander-in-Chief unlucky *ex officio*? Only a few weeks ago Sir James Dormer, in command at Madras, was killed by a tiger, and now Sir John Hudson, recently appointed to the command at Bombay, has been killed by being thrown from his horse. It is proposed to abolish the two commands, making that at Calcutta supreme.

Mr. Bryce brought his twenty years' service as Regius Professor of Civil Law at Oxford to an end on Saturday by a farewell address in Oriel College. He pointed out that during his time the University drew men much more largely from the less wealthy classes of the community.

The Fabian Society continues to make progress in members for itself, if not members for Parliament. At the General Election seven Fabians went to the poll, but only one, Mr. Keir Hardie, was returned. Its membership, however, has made an advance of close on a hundred compared with the previous year.

The imports, while showing an increase last month on the previous May, show a decrease of £14,163,467 for the expired five months of this year, as compared with the corresponding period last year. The same holds true of exports, the decrease on the five months being £4,798,015.

Our army does not increase with the rapidity of Continental armies. While the number of our soldiers at home and abroad in 1873 was 188,379, the figures this year are 217,789, of whom 80,950 are English, 7671 Scotch, and 13,114 Irish. It is a curious fact that while 70 per cent. of the regulars return themselves as Anglicans, only 51 per cent. of the Militia do so.

"That on the occasion of taking possession of our new premises the directors desire to record their own sense of thankfulness for the prosperity with which, as they believe, God had hitherto blessed their efforts in the establishment of this business." Difficult as it may be to grasp the fact, this devout desire is extracted from a business company's minute-book, and that, too, of the Liberator Society, when it moved into new offices in Budge Row. The audience in the Bankruptcy Court last week greeted the reading of this minute with laughter; the Registrar with the summary remark, "Shocking, perfectly shocking!"

The English stage honoured the funeral of Edwin Booth on Friday in the presence of Mr. Clement Scott, through whom they presented a laurel wreath and a lyre 6 ft. high made of red and pink roses. On a broad band of black ribbon were inscribed the words: "We all loved him.—Henry Irving." It is a very curious coincidence that on the day of the funeral the theatre where Mr. Booth's brother assassinated President Lincoln in 1865 should have collapsed. This is Ford's Theatre, Washington, which had been converted into the Record Division of the War Department, and which fell in on Friday morning, excavations having been made in a cellar to make room for electric light plant. Thirty-four persons were killed.

The fashionable sensation of the moment is the squabble over the publication of Mr. Haweis's life of the late Sir Morell Mackenzie. Who is responsible for it all? This question belongs to the category of the insoluble—at least, so far as the general public are concerned.

Henry Davies has a sense of humour as keen as his appetite. He entered a coffee-shop in Rochester Row on Thursday morning, and regaled himself "without any intention of payment." The story was related by Mrs. Butt with a delicate appreciation of detail. "The defendant called for a substantial breakfast, and had a pint of tea, numerous slices of bread and butter, a rasher of bacon and eggs." What could Henry Davies ("who only gave the address 'Dalston'") want more? It appears that he was of literary instincts—possibly a member *in prospectu* of the Authors' Club. "His refreshment came to sevenpence"—surely not an extravagant sum, when we call to mind the numerous slices of bread and butter—"but he made no offer to pay, and sat in the shop over two hours." It is not surprising to read that the worthy Mrs. Butt "suggested the desirability of settlement."

Now comes the tragic part of the business. Henry Davies, of Dalston, "said he wished to be polite—could he pay the next day?" Such charming manners only received laughter in court. "He had only a penny or three-halfpence about him." Mrs. Butt asked why, under such circumstances, he ordered a hearty meal, to which query he replied that "the reason was simple—it was because he was hungry." Not content with the substantial meal *inside* him, "he (smiling) asked whether he might take *Sloper* outside to look at." This evidence was greeted with "loud laughter." Mrs. Butt thought it was no time for indulgence, and "refused to let him leave with the paper, and called her husband, who handed him over to the police." Although Henry Davies, of the hearty Dalston appetite, "seemed very much amused," the magistrate remanded him in custody. The rest of the story everyone will await with interest.

WITH THE GYPSIES AT THE DERBY.

The close of a fine afternoon, a breeze of moderate but increasing coolness puffing intermittent clouds of white dust along the roads, and that air of alert, expectant quietness which marks a racing centre during the hours when the inhabitants are congregated on the course, distinguished the town of Epsom on my arrival there on the Tuesday preceding Derby Day.

I was bent on spending a portion of the race-week with some old friends among the gypsies—a mixed tribe of Lees, Lovels, Smiths, and



Coopers, the first-named predominating—who haunt in winter the heaths and commons surrounding the Metropolis, and during summer time extend their wanderings into various parts of the home counties and away to the fringe of the New Forest, as the pursuits and seasons of fruiting, hopping, harvesting, and the varying and diverse employments of the racecourse impel them.

Having, with the aid of a valet-waiter, a supply of coffee and garden mould, and complete suit of gypsy clothes, obtained from that Poole of "travellers," Solomon, in Long Lane, Smithfield, transformed myself into an unmistakable "Romany chal," to the delight of a group of barmaids and servants assembled to watch my exit from the portals of the King's Head, I proceeded, smoking a "cutty" pipe, and with the deliciously lazy roll of the true gypsy, which I have so often admired, to follow the road to the Downs.

A shopkeeper, from whom only a few minutes before I had purchased some tea and sugar, convinced me of the perfection of my disguise by a total failure to recognise me, and the contemptuous indifference of three pretty girls taking an afternoon walk, at whom I stared with the unconventional frankness which my appearance warranted, confirmed the conviction in a way as incontrovertible as it was momentarily unflattering. But the "Sha' shan, prala!" of a passing gypsy, duly returned in the correct formula, "Musht dust, dayde!" reminded me of my real estate in life, and I slouched on with every appearance of a fatigue that was half indolence, much encouraged by the suspicious attention with which a police officer regarded my bundle, the outer wrapper of which was a light-hued mackintosh tied up with cord.

My friend's caravan—for, being more prosperous than some of the tribe, he owned, in addition to the regulation donkey-cart and brown-hued tent, a spacious "van-carriage," principally of his own construction, the result, as he informed me, of four years' temperance—was soon visible among the furze bushes half a mile or so beyond the Stands, towards the north-eastern edge of the Downs, conspicuous by its white roof, grey sides, and red door and windows; and I turned my steps in this direction, making my way through the gorse and past the tents and fires of numerous gypsies and other "travellers" reposing after the labours of the day, and coming across not a few who knew me well enough as a "Gorgio Rye," but who failed to recognise me in my new attire. I approached the fire of gorse-stems around which my friend Tom and his family, with others of his tribe, were lazily squatting, smoking their pipes, and watching the boiling of a pan of water, with two holes pierced in its lid, and termed by courtesy a kettle. On hailing them I was received with shouts of recognition, and a chorus of delight at my having "really come," while my "get up" and imitation of the gypsy garb was universally applauded. Having presented the wife of my host with the gaudy silk handkerchief, the sugar and tea, which, with tobacco, are the delights most valued by the true Romany, Tom took me for a short turn

round the course, introducing me to such of his relations as we chanced across as "the Gorgio gentleman who came and made clothes-pegs with us on 'the Goat'"—a southern common, where I had formerly visited him on diverse occasions—and we presently returned to tea. Sitting down cross-legged, in the true gypsy fashion, I was soon provided with a basinful of tea—strong, sweet, with a faint, delicious flavour of wood-smoke in it, and unpolluted by milk, and with a loaf from which I cut junks and buttered them. I managed to win all hearts by proclaiming myself as "no longer a gentleman, but a real gypsy," disdaining a proffered plate, and cutting my bread with a "peg-knife." Perhaps the sharing of tobacco with all comers increased this goodwill; at any rate, my hosts proved themselves most friendly, exchanging remarks with me in that mixture of Romany and Southern English which has substituted itself for the purer language spoken by the "Tatchey Romanies," the old sacred black race, the last two of which were buried nearly seventy years ago beneath the moss of a wild, hilly heath in Norfolk, called in Gyptian "Harisky Tan," or "the Place of Holes." One brown-skinned, black-haired girl sang a brief song in Romany to a peculiar and mournful air, the words and the purport of which were as unintelligible to the singer as to her listeners, and wholly impossible of reduction to writing, even phonetically. We then dispersed to gather sticks and furze for the replenishing of our fire, after which the erection of the tent in the most correct way proved a task of considerable length. By this time numbers of gypsies from adjacent tents had loafed up casually to see the "Gorgio turned gypsy," and to express the opinion that he was "a real Romany Rye," and the welcome light from the fire as the dusk shut down over the Downs and the air blew chilly from the north fell on a group of wild and picturesque figures, variously unoccupied—for perhaps the most admirable and distinctive characteristic of the true gypsy is that when he is working his hardest he does it with an air of doing nothing at all. As the fire died out, and one by one the visitors departed towards their several homes, we retired into the "van-carriage," a bed in which had been set apart for me.

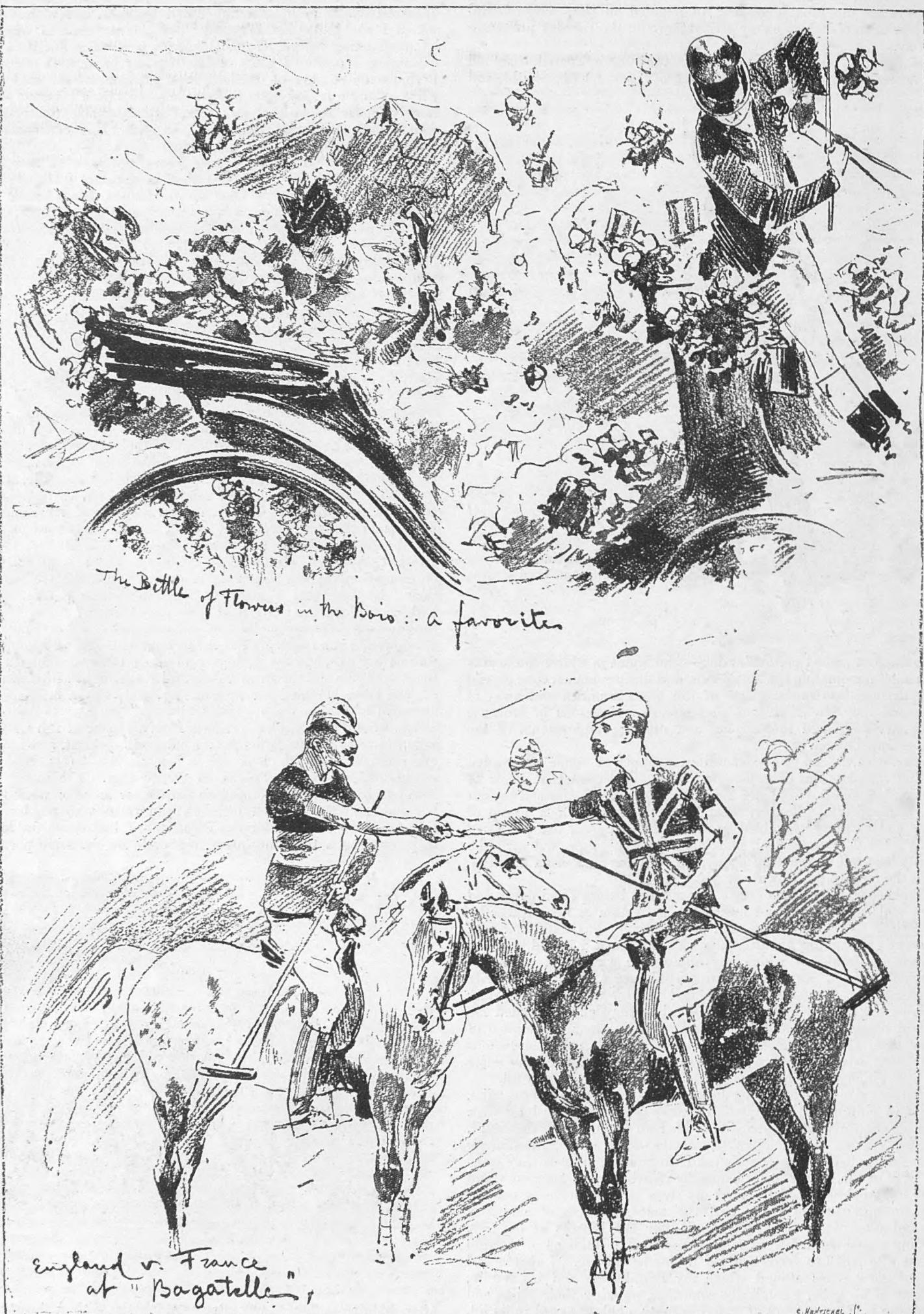
Looking out of the little lace-curtained window at my head, the scene was one entirely novel and charming. The moon, rising slowly at the edge of a clump of trees, shone on the white tops of tents and caravans. From amid the dark clumps of furze came the flicker of an occasional fire, beside some tent as brownly dark as the bushes; other lights gleamed from the windows of distant caravans; while the shadowy movements of vagrant horses and asses, or of belated travellers bound for their "homes," lent a sense of life and motion to the scene. The barking of dogs, the braying of a sleepless "miler," the crow of a cock, the shouting of someone in tent or van against whose sides a donkey attempted to rub itself, and, as the day showed signs of its approach, the singing of larks, and the galloping of some Derby candidates across the "hill" beyond the furze bushes, filled the night with various sounds.

The latter heralded our own arising, and soon a brilliant furze fire attracted to its side those gypsies who were too lazy to light one themselves. Some mackerel, purchased from a vendor of fish who was early astir, formed the foundation for a handsome breakfast, and in due course everyone dispersed to look for a few "lillies" (shillings) amid the crowds who throng the Downs on Derby Day. The men retail water, hold and bait horses, or otherwise earn some money; while the women beg and "dukka," or tell fortunes, and those who possess vans turn them into cloak-rooms for the occasion. I had considerable difficulty in persuading a travelling photographer to do me some portraits; and



after bidding adieu to my Romany friends with a hearty "Aukko tu pios adrey Romanes, prala!" I returned to the King's Head, where, entering the inner hall of this comfortable old hostelry, a smart police sergeant made a dash for me, intending to arrest me as a low-lived gypsy on felony bent, and his subsequent discomfiture raised loud peals of laughter among the hotel servants and the loungers in the bar at the expense of the unfortunate "Masro."

D. J.



LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

There was no lack of amusements this last week. Among the more important were the commencement of the polo match between the French and English, played at Bagatelle, the Grand Steeplechase at Auteuil, the Battle of Flowers in the Bois, and last, but not least, the first night of Yvette Guilbert at the Ambassadeurs.

At Auteuil there was a larger attendance than has been known for years. In spite of the dreadful drought, the course was in first-rate condition, and the grass beautifully green, having been watered regularly and thoroughly by those long perforated iron tubes, which are such an improvement on our water-carts, as they can be moved about at will by a single man, and are in direct communication with the reservoir, so that all the running backwards for refilling is unnecessary. From the Elysée came Madame Carnot, with her younger son and several friends. She wore pink satin, covered with black Chantilly lace, and a pink and green bonnet—not a becoming costume. I also noticed the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, who was accompanied by Count Voss, a celebrated Monte Carlo shooter; the Duc and Duchesse de Morny; the King and Queen of Naples, the latter as graceful and truly queenly as ever; Princesse de Tarente; Mr. H. Say, with his sister, the Princesse de Broglie; Lady Lilian Boyd; the Princesse de Chimay, looking very handsome in one of her usual *chic* and original gowns; the Princesse de Wagram, nowadays not a faithful sportswoman; the Marquise de Saint-Sauveur, whose husband won the great race at Auteuil two years in succession with Wild Monarch, in 1878 and 1879; the Duc and Duchesse de Luynes; Lords Alington, Shrewsbury, Molyneux, and Kenyon; Captains Finnie, Digby Boycott, Fenwick, Boyd, &c.

It was a most exciting race, and the favourite, M. Camille Blanc's Surcouf, started at evens, while the winner, Skedaddle, Mr. Childe and Captain Fenwick part owners, started at 40 to 1 against him. The prize offered was £4298, with a most beautiful *vermeil* tea service in addition. Needless to say, the French were very sore about their horse being beaten by an English outsider, to say nothing about having lost their money. The only other English horse, Red Prince II., who started at 9 to 4 against, was the one they were afraid of, and when the horse stumbled and threw his jockey at the Irish bank their joy was intense. Happily for us, it soon turned into grief, as Skedaddle romped in at the last and won by a neck.

Nor were the French any luckier with polo, being beaten all round by the English, who were in grand form. The prize offered by members of the Paris Club is a handsome Louis XVI. silver jardinière, for the centre of the table, and is a magnificent work of art. All the players, both English and French, are being extensively entertained and feted. They lunched one day at the British Embassy with Lord Dufferin, the same evening dined with the Vicomte de la Rochefoucauld, and the next night with the Prince de Sagan.

The Battle of Flowers was a great success, and the weather was lovely. The Allée des Acacias was decorated with multi-coloured flags and garlands of flowers, from the Pavillon d'Armenonville right to the Grand Cascade. Six first-class military bands were stationed at various points, and the whole scene was as gay and animated as possible. Nearly 3500 carriages paid their louis for one horse, or two louis for a pair, as the case might be; so some idea of the sum realised for the Society in Aid of the Victims of Duty can be gathered. This does not include the three francs entrance fee for each person on foot. The decorated carriages, unfortunately, were not very numerous or very pretty. One, however, a little, tiny cart, covered in roses and white marguerites, drawn by a snow-white donkey, and driven by a sweet little duck of a girlie, about six years old, excited the admiration of everybody, she looked so quaintly conscious of her own dignity, and her smart little turn-out, too. M. Lassalle, from the Opéra, rode a much-beflowered bicycle.

The Duchess of Connaught is undergoing a cure at Bourbon L'Archambault, where she intends staying several weeks, or until quite better and stronger. Her Royal Highness was for several days at the Hôtel Liverpool, under the name of Countess of Sussex, her usual title when travelling privately.

The Marchioness of Lorne has been elected an honorary member of the Royal Art Academy of San Luca.

The Marquis de la Rochethulon, some time ago, made a bet that he would go to Africa and capture and bring back to Paris a live panther. This he accordingly did, and handed over the animal to M. Pezon, the celebrated wild-beast show-man. The panther was taken in hand by the young Pezon, and learned several tricks comparatively quickly, although very savage and wild. However, the other night, during a performance in public, the animal lost its temper, and, instead of jumping up on to a small platform, as it was required to, leaped instead on to the tamer and knocked him down. M. Pezon managed eventually to escape from the infuriated beast's clutches, but not before being extremely scratched and mauled, and his clothes in ribbons. Happily, the injuries are not likely to prove serious.

MIMOSA.

"ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS."

The New South Wales Government have agreed to subsidise the Australian-Canadian mail service between Sydney and Vancouver with £10,000 yearly, which is half of what the Australian Governments are asked to contribute. Canada has provisionally agreed to give £25,000 a year. The Imperial Government is expected to stand good for £50,000, to be made up in the form of a subvention to such of the steamers as are capable of being classified as armed cruisers.

The Minister of Lands of the colony has introduced a Bill by which certain areas of land would be loaned to a Board of Control. Settlers would be assisted with Government money to the extent of £15 for every man or woman, £20 for every married couple without children, £5 being added when there are children.

The colony is said to intend collecting a shipment of various crops grown experimentally there in order to test the London market. It is thought tobacco could be grown with profit, or, at least, save the £260,000 which it pays annually for American tobacco.

The retrenchment policy in Victoria extends in all directions. It is proposed, for instance, to dispense with the services of special singing and drawing masters in schools.

On the subject of Victorian fruit the Imperial Institute has made an investigation. With regard to apples, Victoria is at a disadvantage as compared with Tasmania, with which, apparently, she wishes to compete in the English market. Victoria is much warmer than Tasmania, and her apples are softer, and have not the keeping qualities of those grown in Tasmania. On the other hand, Victoria has the advantage over Tasmania in respect to grapes, though here, also, growers and exporters are still in the experimental stage, with good prospects, however, of final success.

The exportation of fruit from Tasmania has not made that increase this year which the advances of the past two or three seasons seemed likely to show. In 1889 only 30,000 bushels of apples were shipped from Hobart to England. The figures last year were 170,000 bushels.

Lord and Lady Derby have been presented with a farewell address at Toronto, on the eve of their departure. The largest convent in Canada, the Villa Maria, at Montreal, has been burned down. The loss is put at a million dollars.

The Indian census has brought to light the fact that many of the Indian people, who are traditionally believed to be of stay-at-home habits, and had been so described in 1881, are constantly on the move. Fortunately, the movement is from the more to the less crowded districts.

The Ceylon *Observer* is advocating the annexation by India of Ceylon as a measure of economy, but the Ceylon *Times* opposes the scheme.

India speaks very strongly about coolie labour in Assam as slavery. The question is very similar to the Kanaka difficulty in Queensland. Mr. Morse Stephens' able journal holds strongly that the time has come for the abolition of special legislation on the subject.

The gold exported from the Cape during May was valued at £439,766, an advance of £113,766 on the corresponding period of last year.

This year's vintage in South Africa will be below the average, but it is thought by connoisseurs that the quality of the wines will prove to be superior.

"Egypt for the Egyptians is a Utopia." Our administration of Egypt has found, at least, one French appreciator. A writer in the Paris *Figaro*, signing himself Félix Dubois, gives his experiences of a journey he made to Egypt to investigate how we managed affairs. He started out "with the idea of bringing back something corresponding to Gladstone's Bulgarian atrocities." But he soon packed up his portmanteau, "purposely choosing a very large one" with a view to bringing back the voluminous documents which he could not fail to collect against the British occupation. "The space reserved for the anti-British documents has not been required." Egypt, he holds, has incontestably, from every point of view, made notable progress.

The Behring Sea Arbitration Court has now heard the case for Canada from Mr. Christopher Robinson, Q.C. Mr. Phelps, the American counsel, made a most extraordinary statement last week, when he argued that no question whatever in regard to the right of the United States to seize any vessel is submitted under the treaty to the tribunal, so far as he was concerned. Sir Richard Webster, in reply, asked why the tribunal was sitting if this question was not in evidence. The President of the Court expressed his admiration for a country where party spirit admitted of such brotherly association as exhibited by Sir Charles Russell and Sir Richard Webster when the national interest is at stake.

THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

"THE YOUNGER SON," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

Nature is certainly somewhat capricious in the distribution of consciences; sometimes, as with Mr. Grant Allen's "Curate of Churnside," giving none at all, and at others bestowing some, but a decidedly inadequate amount. Herbert Chester's conscience was decidedly inadequate. When, hardly a man, he went travelling, immediately after leaving the 'Varsity, he visited Australia, and there met a girl called Lucy Brookfield, supposed to be an heiress; he proposed, was accepted, and got married; then, even on the honeymoon, he deserted her, because he came to the conclusion she had no money. After this episode he returned to England, dwelt at Illington Manor with his father, and led the life of a luxurious country gentleman. For twelve years he remained at home, utterly ignorant of his wife's fate.

The owner of the manor was Mr. Chester, an elderly, fox-hunting squire, who was a widower for the second time. His first wife—the mother of Herbert—had made him thoroughly unhappy. To him she was like the first Mrs. Tanqueray, "all marble arms and black velvet," but she thawed at the passion of someone else, and eloped with him: afterwards she died, leaving a son called Frank Villiers, half-brother to Herbert, so far as a *filius nullius* can be related to anyone. The second venture of Mr. Chester was more successful, and two children, Harold and Winifred, were born of it. Between Harold and Herbert there was never any real sympathy.

Just before the time at which this tale begins a serious cause of discord had come between the brothers. Lucy Brookfield's sister came to stay at the Chesters'. How it happened only Mr. Sievier, the author, and perhaps not he, can explain, but absolutely all parties were ignorant of the fact that Herbert had married Evelyn's sister—in fact, no one at Illington knew that he had ever been married at all.

The half-brothers both fell in love with the girl, and consequently lived in a state of scarcely suppressed hostility. Herbert was the first to propose, but his deceased wife's sister declined him, and said she loved another. Then Harold took his turn, and, making a sort of tentative proposal, asked Evelyn if she would wait a year for him. She consented to wait and wed, though waiting seemed needless, since it was the fact that her father had left a large fortune to her on the absurd condition that she should marry in Australia. The very day of this half engagement Harold and Herbert quarrelled, and Harold, in his father's presence, struck his brother, so the old double-barrelled widower ordered him to leave home for ever, and forbade his name to be mentioned in the house again.

Off to Australia went Harold, and stayed there for a year without even writing to his sweetheart—why he remained silent Mr. Sievier must explain. During this period Herbert tried to supplant his brother in Evelyn's heart. She, true to her lover, employed a private inquiry agent to discover where he was, and offered to pay £1000 to him if he found Harold within a year; and Herbert, discovering this, determined to poison Evelyn's mind against his half-brother by means of the agent, so he induced the man to believe that Harold had been turned out of the house because of his scandalous treatment of a girl named Mary Melford, who had been a sort of companion to Winifred. This tale the detective told to Evelyn, who, not having the love that "thinketh no evil," believed what was told her, and determined to banish Harold from her thought. Herbert resolved to capture her on the reaction, and renewed his proposal. Then she said that she could never love again, but that if affection and esteem would satisfy him she would wed him. He, easily satisfied, it appears, eagerly accepted.

However, there remained old Brookfield's ridiculous stipulation that his daughter's marriage should take place in Australia, and so Herbert, and Evelyn with him, accompanied Winifred and others to the land of kangaroos and broken banks. Now, to the ordinary person the likelihood of this party stumbling upon Harold in the bush by pure accident seems infinitely small, yet it happened. Moreover, they found not only Harold, but several other elements of the story, notably Mary Melford, who had married Michael O'Shaunessy, Harold's employer, and was acting *in loco parentis* to Herbert's child by his dead wife, and also Frank Villiers, Herbert's irregular half-brother, who was living with Harold in ignorance of their relation to one another. Also, they came upon an old sweetheart of Winifred's. It may be asserted with safety that the gravitating of all these persons to a squatter's hut in the bush is the most tremendous business in the way of coincidences ever imagined.

Of course, when all the parties met in this fashion, there was much discussion, in the course of which the explanations needful to set everything right were made, and in the end all knots were untied and all difficulties smoothed. So Harold was wedded to his sweetheart of little faith, and Herbert turned virtuous.

Mr. Sievier in his work has despised the theory which advises one not to "chercher midi à quatorze heures"; never did any author heap needless complications on one another so recklessly as he, and all to no purpose. He may have felt that his story at the bottom is an oft-told tale, and hoped to hide the fact from the audience by his roundabout way of telling it; but the result is that lazy-minded people would never take the trouble to find out what his play is about, and the industrious must be indignant at finding that it is all about nothing new or true. The acting was decidedly good, and sincere praise may be given to Miss Lena Ashwell and Messrs. Herbert Waring and W. T. Lovell.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

Mrs. Willard's three plays at the Trafalgar Square Theatre certainly showed some versatility, and one of them, "The Merry Piper of Nuremberg," displayed a rather pretty fancy. No doubt, the verse was somewhat strained, but, at least, Mrs. Willard had the courage to avoid a conventional ending. "Punch and Judy" ought to have been funnier than it was. To put human beings in the guise of our old street friends on the stage and make them go through the curious Anglicised Italian play should have resulted in something really humorous. Unfortunately, the players were rather at fault, those who tried to adopt the squeaking voice of the Punch family merely produced a rather tiresome, often unintelligible, falsetto, and the clown was not half nimble enough. Nor does one desire to have the famous old "Codlins" turned into a topical political song. However, "Punch and Judy" might be worked up into something. The music of Mr. Edward Jones is very clever.

"The Merry Piper of Nuremberg" reminds one that Adolphe Adam's operetta, "La Poupée de Nuremberg," was produced at the Grosvenor Club on the same day. Although it is forty-one years since Adam



composed "The Nuremberg Doll"—four years before his death—it was not until Wednesday that it was seen in this country, when Mdlle. Elba, Mr. Templar Saxe, Mr. George Aspinall, and M. Faroka, under M. Arditi, sang the pretty little story.

The performance of "David Garrick" by Mr. Charles Wyndham, Miss Mary Moore, and company on Wednesday at the Criterion Theatre, on behalf of the poor of St. Luke's, Camberwell, netted £403 8s., exclusive of special donations. Hundreds had to be refused admission, and in consequence of the great success of the piece and the demand for seats Mr. Wyndham has decided, previous to the termination of his season, to give a few farewell performances commencing from to-day.

It is rather curious that Signora Duse should have appeared in "A Doll's House" four years, to within two days, after Miss Achurch's memorable production of the play. How few people, remembering the outcry of four years ago against the Norwegian, could have imagined that the day would come when Ibsen would be seen in two London theatres on the same night, as was the case with "The Master-Builder," a scene from "Brand," and "A Doll's House" on Friday evening. Signora Duse is disappointing as Nora. It is an Italian Nora—passionate throughout; but that is not Ibsen's conception. He has to create the circumstances that make her such as Signora Duse presupposes from the rise of the curtain. And then she did not look the part particularly well. She did not attempt the tarantella.

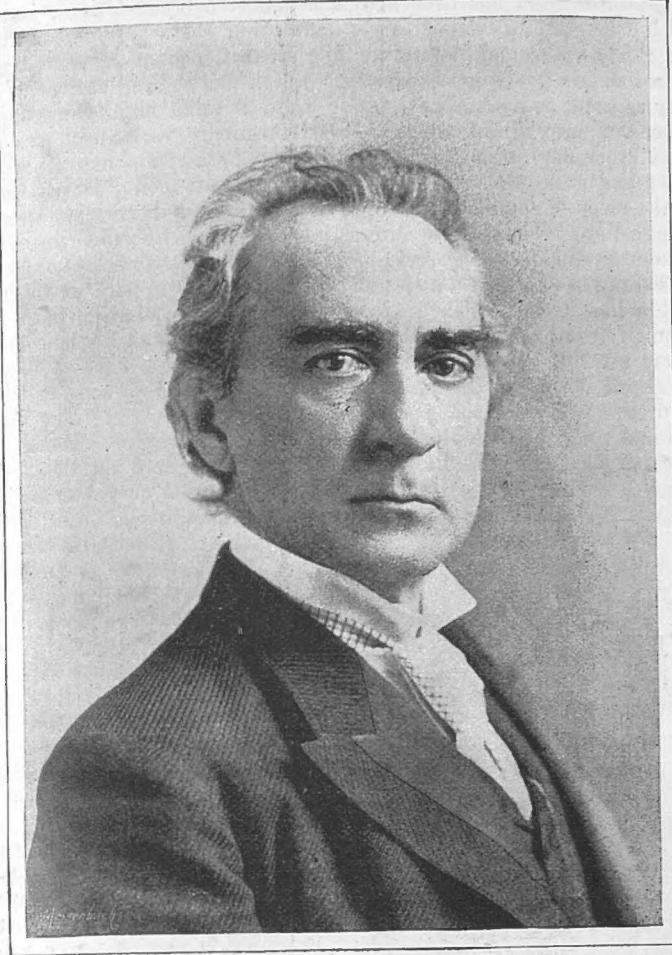


Photo by Sarony, New York.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH.

THE LATE MR. EDWIN BOOTH.

America has lost its greatest tragedian in Mr. Edwin Booth, who succumbed on Wednesday morning to a long and tedious illness. He was practically nursed in the theatre, for his father, who gloried in the Christian name of Lucius Brutus, was an actor who became famous by his appearance as Richard III. at Covent Garden in the early years of the century. It was in the same play that Edwin Booth made his débüt as an actor at the age of seventeen. This was in Boston, the family



Photo by Sarony, New York.

MR. BOOTH AS RICHELIEU.

having migrated to the United States, a circumstance that Americans are not likely to forget, from the fact that Mr. Booth's brother, John Wilkes Booth, also an actor, shot President Lincoln. Mr. Edwin Booth, however, in a way atoned for his brother's deed by giving the Americans an actor—himself—who was the greatest English-speaking rival of Mr. Irving in our time. Like Mr. Irving, he spent large sums of money in producing standard plays, especially from Shakspere. In 1861, and again in 1880, he visited this country. The latter visit is memorable from his having played alternately Othello and Iago with Mr. Irving to Miss Terry's Desdemona.



Photo by Sarony, New York.

MR. BOOTH AS IAGO.



Photo by Sarony, New York.

MR. BOOTH AS HAMLET.

SMALL TALK.

The distinction of journalists is becoming the most exciting feature connected with the Queen's Birthday honours. The other day it was Sir Edward Lawson, of the *Daily Telegraph*, and Sir George Armstrong, of the *Globe*; to-day, by a turn of the Parliamentary wheel, it is Sir William Ingram, of the *Illustrated London News*, Sir John R. Robinson, of the *Daily News*, and Sir Edward Russell, of the *Liverpool Post*. Of Sir William Ingram, one of the managing directors of the *Illustrated London News*, and the founder of this journal, it is scarcely possible for me to speak as I could wish; but it may be taken for granted that, in conjunction with high personal qualities, the honour conferred by her Majesty is due to a recognition of the part played by the *Illustrated London News* during more than fifty eventful years. The *Illustrated* was the first newspaper in the world to illustrate systematically the news of the day, and a glance at the list of journals which in every civilised country are now engaged, daily and weekly, in this pursuit will give some idea of the importance of the movement initiated by Mr. Herbert Ingram and carried on so effectively by his son, Sir William Ingram.

Sir William Ingram has an interest for readers of *The Sketch* apart from his connection with journalism and political life. He is an enthusiast for outdoor sports and a patron of dogs and birds. His Ivan the Great was a runner-up at the Waterloo Meeting last year. At his house at Westgate, formerly the residence of Sir Erasmus Wilson, he has a delightful collection of albinos, and also many trophies of his shooting exploits in Norway and elsewhere. He has more than once taken part as one of the House of Commons team in the annual matches against the Lords at Wimbledon.

Sir Edward Russell's knighthood, together with that of Sir John R. Robinson, opens up a vista of possibilities quite unlike the other creations. Sir John Leng, of Dundee, like his brother, Sir William, the Knight of Sheffield, is a newspaper proprietor, and, if I mistake not, all the Conservative recognition hitherto has been to actual proprietors of newspapers; but the *Daily News* and the *Liverpool Post* have been honoured through the persons of non-proprietorial editors. It is now to the interest of both parties to keep the ball rolling, and we shall soon have Sir Alfred Fletcher, of the *Daily Chronicle*, Sir Edward Cook, of the *Westminster*, and Sir Sidney Low, of the *St. James's Gazette*. Every effective political partisan, indeed, who happens to be connected with journalism may hope for something.

Sir Edward Russell is something more than the editor of the *Liverpool Post*. He is essentially a literary man, with a keen enthusiasm for books. His criticism of Matthew Arnold, when that writer died, was very acute and effective, and his analysis of Mr. Irving's personation of Hamlet excited much attention at the time. On the whole, there is a flavour of art and letters about some of the new honours which non-political persons like myself can heartily appreciate.

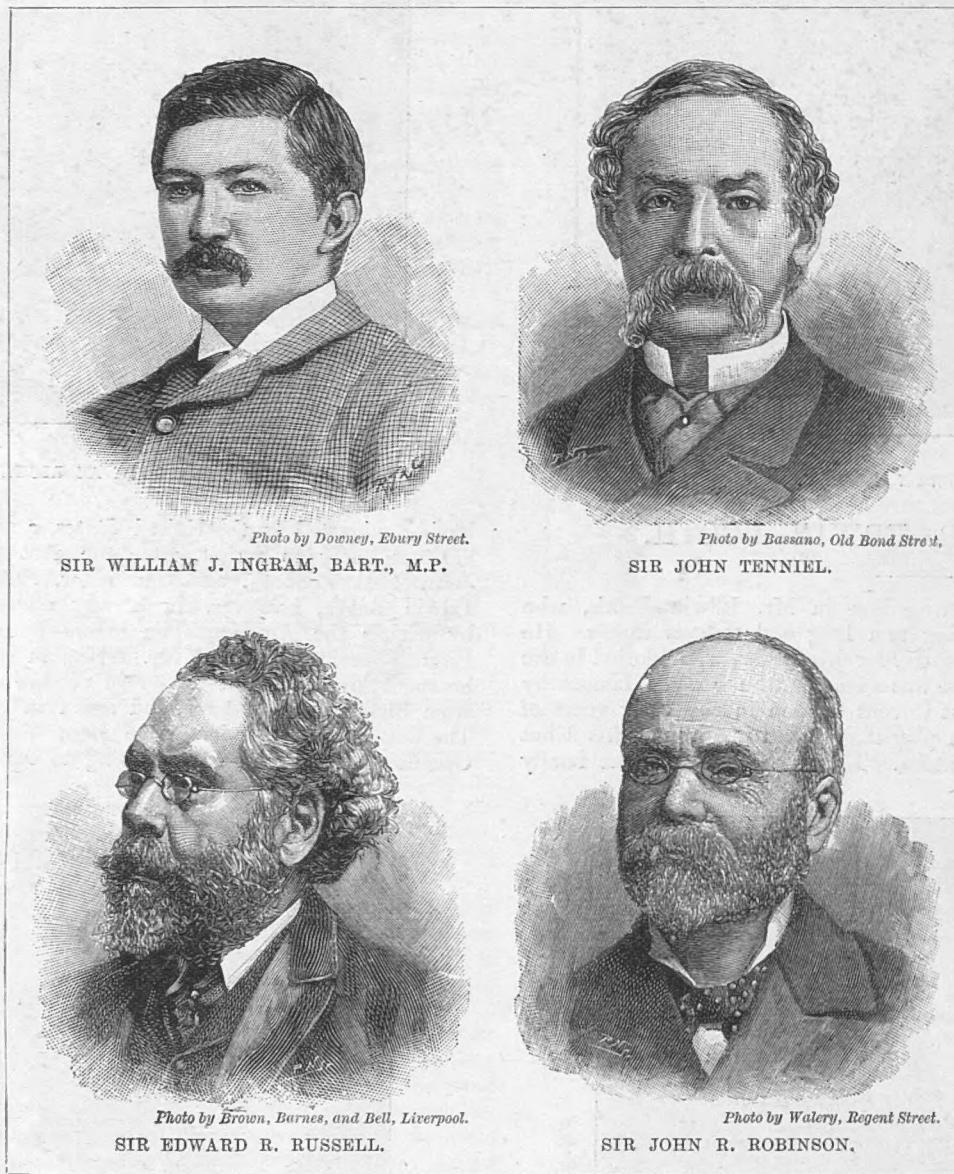
Sir Edward Russell, by-the-way, has tasted the sweets of Parliamentary life, and has been glad to abandon them. He sat for a few months as one of the members for Glasgow, but found it impossible to fulfil the two functions. We have still one editor engaged in the same attempt. Mr. Harry Cust combines the editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette* with membership of Parliament for the Stamford Division of Lincolnshire. Speaking of honours and of Mr. Cust, it is worth noting that he possesses the unique distinction among London journalists of being heir to an earldom—that of Brownlow.

Sir John Tenniel has everybody's heartiest congratulations, just as he had for many years everybody's admiration. The way in which he has for thirty years maintained the high excellence of his cartoons is simply astonishing. A most courtly, "fine old English gentleman," of modesty as great as his knowledge, Sir John Tenniel ought long ago to have received recognition from the Royal Academy, which is apparently as (officially) ignorant of his work as the Lord Chief Justice was of the existence of a certain famous dancer. If Sir John could be persuaded to tell the story of some of his happiest efforts, from first inspiration to last suggestion, it would be interesting in an extraordinary degree. That exclusive function, the weekly *Punch* dinner, took place last Wednesday at Hampton Court, when special compliments were paid to Sir John Tenniel by his talented colleagues, who are the sincerest admirers of his art. Public men have always studied *Punch*, and some Cabinet Ministers have been very anxious to make the acquaintance of the artists who depict them. Lord Beaconsfield was once asked if he objected to being caricatured, and replied that it seemed to be the object of every statesman to make himself ridiculous and thus obtain publicity. During the long period in which the initials "J. T." have figured on the *Punch*

cartoon, only about a dozen times have other artists been responsible for the important task. Once Mr. Linley Sambourne took Sir John's place. The late Mr. Charles Keene was *locum tenens* with only moderate success. Among his book illustrations none have been so happy as those which interpreted Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland." They have been the basis of *tableaux vivants* as innumerable as the readers of that whimsical work. One regret as to Sir John Tenniel's cartoons is that, as they were drawn direct on wood, the originals have been destroyed.

The new journalistic knight, Sir John R. Robinson, is not a very familiar figure at public functions. Occasionally he may be seen on a "first night" at the theatre; rarely at a "crush" or reception; still more seldom at the Mansion House or at a public dinner party. The Reform Club is his favourite rendezvous, and at a certain "Wits' Table" thereat he may often be espied. He is a devourer of literature, and used to be so interested in the serial magazines, which he read on his return from the *Daily News* (as a somnolent, perhaps!) that he could inform you with strict accuracy of the various stages of each

story. Sir John Robinson especially admires the novels of his friends, Mr. James Payn and Mr. William Black. In one of the books by Mr. Black, who was once on the *Daily News*, his daughter was the subject for a certain charming character. A very kindly man is the new knight—for it has been a tradition with the Robinsons that "their tears are very near their eyes"—and Mr. Samuel Morley used to often make him almoner of certain generous gifts to needy journalists. Mr. Morley had the firmest faith in the tact and knowledge of the editor of the *Daily News*, and constantly discussed important matters with him over a chop in Wood Street. The financial success of the *Daily News* was a disappointment to the late member for Bristol, who used to lament that he never went into the *Daily News* to make money, but only to spread Liberal principles. The confidence which Mr. Morley had in Sir John was transferred—with the shares in the *Daily News*—to his son, the Postmaster-General. Sir John Robinson is largely responsible for the double result attained by the journal. He has not recently written much in the newspaper, but devotes much thought and time to the organisation. Someone has irreverently compared Sir John when he walks up Fleet Street as very much like Diogenes looking for an honest man—which is rather hard on Fleet Street. In the smoking-room of the Reform Club he is known as a delightful *raconteur*, although he has found able rivals in Mr. James Payn and Mr. Wemyss Reed.



BIRTHDAY HONOURS TO JOURNALISTS.

The Baring pictures which I mentioned last week realised the comfortable little sum of nearly £27,000. The two Gainsborough portraits, to which I drew particular attention as being probably the works which would excite the greatest interest, fetched wonderful prices, especially the portrait of Mrs. Drummond, which, after a spirited duel between one of the Wertheimers and Mr. Agnew, was knocked down to the latter for no less a price than 6700 guineas. I see that Leighton's big canvas, the "Daphnephoria," which I also mentioned, fetched 3750 guineas, and it has since then been publicly dubbed by Mr. Holman Hunt as one of the noblest works of modern art. Christie's is a capital place for amusement as well as instruction. It was there I heard a lady seriously remark that the woodenness in the figures in a certain early Italian work was doubtless due to its being painted in panel!

At the last Foreign Office reception it was "a getting upstairs" with a vengeance! The handsome staircase was simply jammed with stars and orders and uniforms, with representatives of almost every civilised country, to which scene of richness the Indian Princes and their suites lent an added lustre. To scale the staircase seemed as tedious a feat as the ascent of Mont Blanc, and decidedly warmer. One gentleman remarked that "if little Duck had been here, he would have wanted all his three wigs before he reached the summit." This referred to a gentleman well known in society a few years ago, an artist in tonsorial decoration, who, during the month, wore three wigs. For the first ten days the periuke was a closely cropped one, then came another of precisely the same shade, but a trifle longer, and during the last part of the month there was a third, of which the waving locks were longer yet. In this the wearer would attend all sorts of social functions, remarking to all and sundry that "he really must have his hair cut," and this operation having in imagination been satisfactorily carried out, he would start afresh with the close-cropped periuke.

There should be a perfect rush of West-End managers—goodness knows some of them stand in sore need of an attraction—to secure the services of Miss Maria Phillipps, aged twelve, an actress who, like Mrs. Patrick Campbell, has "had no dramatic tuition," and is quite untrammelled by the stiffness and want of originality that sometimes attend the learning of "business" in the theatrical profession. An intelligent constable saw this young artiste give two matinées in succession to overflowing audiences of the "nobility and gentry" of the Blackfriars Road, with surprising financial results. She is the author of the drama, "The Lost Coin," and the creator of its principal rôle. In her opinion an actress should certainly shed real tears, and hers ran to her chin as she recounted with tragic despair the loss of the money entrusted to her by a careful but stern parent. At the present time she is, by the kindness of the magistrate, "resting" at the Southwark Workhouse, where "all business communications may be addressed."

The *Daily News* last week made a really delightful departure in serious journalism. To turn a rollicking writer of "parodies"—travesties, by-the-way, would be a more descriptive name for the gentleman's work—into the somewhat dry and sterile features of Parliamentary report was, indeed, a happy thought. The editor must have been quite elated with the success of his bold experiment on finding that he had taken in, not only the principal subject of the merry jest, but even one of his own leader-writers. It was rather hard, though, on that brilliant journalist, "Tay Pay," who pronounced the travesty as serious and by no means exaggerated, to affirm in the editorial explanation of the joke that "a man possessed of common-sense or literary instinct would have seen at once it was a parody." By-the-way, without depreciating Sir John R. Robinson, it is only right to acknowledge the great ability exhibited in so marked a degree by Mr. P. W. Clayden in the editing of the *Daily News*. Mr. Clayden has also fought three unsuccessful battles for his party.

That accomplished and popular novelist, Maarten Maartens, is, I understand, shortly to visit England, where he will enjoy, not for the first time, the hospitality of a most charming host, his publisher, Mr. George Bentley, at that gentleman's delightful country house, Upton, near Slough. The novelist is a Dutchman, but the English in which his books are written is remarkable for its purity and ease. He is still quite a young man, not more than thirty, I should think, and Maarten Maartens is but a *nom de guerre*, though a team of the most untamed steeds should not drag the "dead secret" of his real patronymic from me. I have seen many Dutchmen, and they generally had either a big cigar or a large pipe in their mouth; but Maarten Maartens is an exception to this rule—he does not smoke—or, if he does, it is only in *very private life*.

The tragedy of Humpty Dumpty concludes mournfully with the remark that "All the King's horses and all the King's men Couldn't set Humpty Dumpty up again." I could not help wondering, as I escorted a party of country cousins the other day round the beautifully kept Royal Stables at Buckingham Palace, whether the task which was so impossible to the King's quadrupeds and bipeds might not have been accomplished by her Gracious Majesty's, so numerous are they, in such admirable condition, and with apparently so little work to do. The Royal Stables are well worth a visit, and they are, like other London sights, more often seen by provincials than by Londoners. I think the celebrated cream-coloured ponies, as they are called, excited the greatest admiration among my lady friends, though

there was plenty of praise for the "Arab steeds" and the well-bred English horses, not to mention the various carriages, especially that wonderful state coach, which, I believe, has had no airing since the Queen's coronation. I heard, with some surprise, that it is about eight years since our Royal Mistress visited this particular portion of her domain, and our cicerone could only remember two such visits, while he recalled no instance of a look-round by the Prince of Wales.

Dining the other evening with a well-known legal luminary, our host told us an amusing story of the hard frost of last winter. An Irishman presented himself at one of our metropolitan police courts one morning, and appealed to the stipendiary: "Plase, yer honour, my pipes is busted, my cellar's flooded, and my chickens is dhrowned." "Well, my good man," replied the magistrate, "how can I help you? You had better go to the Water Company." Next morning came, and with it the persistent son of Erin. "My pipes is busted, my cellar's flooded, and my chickens is dhrowned." "Why didn't you go to the Water Company, as I advised you?" said the magistrate. "Sure and I did, yer honour, and it's rude they was to me." "Why, what did they say?" "Sure, yer honour, and all they told me was to go to hell and keep ducks."

The inhabitants of the populous parish of Lambeth, who have not unnaturally been much exercised in their minds and pockets by the sudden and unaccountable increase in their already heavy parish rates by a trifle of some thirty per cent., might with advantage, were it possible, read the Vestry a lesson by emulating the conduct of the late Marquis of Hertford, and emigrate in a body to some other and more economically administered part of London. The Marquis, who was a nobleman of considerable force of character, had some difference with the Vestry, and as they refused to concede some—as he considered—reasonable demand, or even give a courteous explanation, he determined that no more of their parish rates should come out of his pocket, and for years the great house at the corner of Brick Street, Piccadilly, now the property of Sir Julian Goldsmid, remained empty, while his Lordship spent the bulk of his time and money in "gay Pari."

The Rev. Borradaile Savory, the popular and energetic Rector of St. Bartholomew the Great, West Smithfield, who, by-the-way, is the son and heir of the celebrated surgeon, Sir William Savory, is to be congratulated on the admirable restoration of his church, which is, perhaps, the most interesting ecclesiastical building in London. Since Mr. Savory's appointment, some years ago, he has worked most zealously to secure a reverend and artistic restoration of his grand old church, and the function last week, which was attended by royalty, was a fitting crown to his remarkable efforts.

Miss Agnes Zimmermann, one of our most delightful pianists, gave a concert at Princes' Hall on the 6th in conjunction with the Shinner Quartet. The programme was strictly classical, the only instrumental selection which had not stood the test of twenty years being Dvorák's Quintet in A major. Miss Louise Phillips gave some songs by Brahms and Schubert in refined style, and careful Mr. Henry Bird was the accompanist.

A very successful concert was given on Thursday night at Essex Hall, Strand, under the management of Miss Louie Pennington, the Rector's daughter. Some leading members of the professional world, despite their numerous engagements, most generously tendered their services. Among these should be mentioned Miss Juliette Nesville, Miss Kate James, Mr. John Child, Count Vinci, the violinist, and Signor Maldura, the Roman mandolinist. The object of the concert was to raise funds to meet the cost of three additional stops to Father Smith's organ in St. Clement Danes Church.

The late Marquise de Blocqueville has left the sum of 300,000f. to be expended on the erection of a large lighthouse on some part of the dangerous Brittany coast, in memory of her relation, the Maréchal Prince d'Eckmühl.

M. Paul Bonnetain, the famous novelist, is making an expedition up the Niger. He is accompanied by his plucky wife and daughter, who are both in good health, and enjoying their adventurous journey immensely. When last heard of the party was over a thousand miles from the coast.

The art world is very quiet just now, while the gay and pensive suburbs hurry, catalogue in hand, to Burlington House, to the New Gallery, and to the other fashionable galleries where convention, rather than interest, leads them. Artists are taking what is called a "well-earned" holiday, as though six months' work in the year rightfully privileged a holiday during the other six months; and there is no remarkable excitement in the art world beneath the visiting moon. Little exhibitions, however, flourish and have their day, some of them of remarkable interest, some of lesser note, and their existence only proves the superabundance of artistic material, which multiplies faster than spring leaves or—shall we say?—the summer flea.

A statue of Bishop Waynflete, the first head master of Eton, has been unveiled. It is the gift of Sussex Etonians in commemoration of the 450th anniversary of the foundation of the school. On Coronation Day the Queen unveils the statue of herself which the Marchioness of Lorne has executed for the Kensingtonians.

Quite the most brilliant "At Home" of the season in musical circles was given last Thursday by Mr. and Mrs. Visetti, at their residence in Trebovir Road, South Kensington. The floral decorations and the general arrangements, especially of the improvised supper-room, elicited the admiration of a numerous company, among whom I noticed Mesdames Albani, Belle Cole, and Nordica, Sir Joseph and Lady Barnby, with their picturesque daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Baldry, Miss Esther Palliser, Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, Professor Randegger, Mr. George Grossmith, Mr. and Mrs. Lennox Brown.

Three queries ought to figure on any examination paper for musical critics: Have you heard Madame Schumann play the pianoforte, Dr. Joachim perform on the violin, and seen Dr. Richter conduct? As regards the last question, one has now the opportunity of passing with honours, for the far-famed Richter concerts have commenced, and on successive Monday evenings will be the attraction at St. James's Hall. Many famous musicians, despite the State Concert occurring on the same evening, were to be seen at the first concert. Sir Joseph Barnby flitted hither and thither—Dr. C. H. Lloyd and Mr. William Carter were well to the front, while compatriots of the conductor proudly

welcomed Dr. Hans Richter as he appeared on the platform. A man of massive build, with a long, fair beard, Dr. Richter hardly carries his profession writ large on his benevolent face. A pair of spectacles partially conceals the bright blue eyes with which he rapidly glances over his orchestra.

The astonishing memory of the great Hungarian was evidenced by the fact that during only one movement of the "Meistersinger" prelude did he use the score which lies in readiness on the conductor's desk. How finely the picked orchestra played is an old story; all the delicate shades in Smetana's "Vitava," a symphonic poem produced for the first time at these concerts, were admirably shown under the inspiring influence of Dr. Richter. He is the least excited, but not the least moved, among the performers. Sometimes he seems to be removing difficulties with a certain expressive movement of his hands, like one who smoothes away wrinkles in a cloth, or points the way with his index finger outstretched. When the applause bursts forth, down from the little platform he steps, pleased with the gratification of *cognoscenti*. Such dignified bows are rarely seen in St. James's Hall, nor does Dr. Richter forget to acknowledge his orchestra, to whom he soon waves his hand with graceful recognition of their efforts.

Mr. Orrock, it is stated, through the mediation of Mr. Storey, A.R.A., has determined to abandon the libel action which he had begun against Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A., for that artist's rather strong letter upon the subject of the two disputed Constables exhibited last winter at Burlington House. It is as well, on the whole, that proceedings should be dropped, although, from the outsider's point of view, he has missed what seemed likely to prove an entertaining law-suit, in which the actual allegations must necessarily have been of a somewhat vague nature. But Mr. Leslie declares that he meant no insult to Mr. Orrock, that he did not know the picture to be in the possession of "a brother artist," and that he had not "perhaps" sufficiently weighed the fact that the picture had been accepted by the members of the Academy who formed the committee of the exhibition, and was, therefore, entitled to more respect than he gave it. Mr. Leslie, it is interesting to note, however, is perfectly unconvinced.

The proceedings on the occasion of the stone-laying at the Royal United Service Institution, on Tuesday, were carried out without the slightest hitch. The Prince of Wales expressed himself as greatly pleased with "the excellent arrangements and general organisation." Both H.R.H. and the Princess of Wales made numerous purchases on their tour through the bazaar, when they were accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. At Lady Brooke's stall, some d'oyleys and a piece of artistic needlework of Eastern, not Easton, origin were selected, and Lady Jephson sold some water-colours and a vellum-bound book to the royal party. Similar purchases were made at the other stalls.

Everyone wore her prettiest frock, and put on her best holiday smile. The Princess of Wales was entirely in black, only relieved by a little gold embroidery in her bonnet and a diamond star at her throat. Her daughters wore mauve frocks. The Duchess of Teck was

gowned in deep blue, with the corsage of gold-and-blue brocade. Princess May looked very pretty in the palest of blue silks, with cream stripes.

Among the active stall-assistants I noticed Miss Keith Fraser in a cream frock, sashed with the Guards' colours, vending flowers, less attractive, however, than her dark eyes, and Miss Boninge, "my Lady Green-sleeves," was also very successful in selling. Miss Fleetwood Wilson brought the "lovely girl," Miss Violet Loftus Tottenham, whose identity has so exercised the mind of "Belle" of the *World*. Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox, the most charming of *causeuses*, in forget-me-not blue, looked radiantly happy, and the Misses Palliser, in figured frocks, with primrose satin sleeves, carried on a thriving trade. With the eye of the police upon her, Miss Commerell, in orange and purple, sought in vain to dispose of her roulette table, but the handsome brunette, Miss Gorst, sold special editions of an evening contemporary without difficulty.

Colonel Boyle proved a far more astonishing calculator than even Monsieur Inaudi has shown himself to be. Miss Bella Earnshaw, as a palmist, naturally advocated open-handed generosity; and Captain Eardley Wilmot introduced his customers to a marvellous dog that smokes cigarettes, while professional and amateur talent, in dance and song, filled the Café-Chantant to its utmost capacity. The bazaar was, undoubtedly, the success it deserved to be.

The newest and most interesting recruit brought by the Comédie Française to London this season is, undoubtedly, Madame Jane Hading, who is, perhaps, the only French actress who can ever have aspired to the title of professional beauty, but none have ever disputed her claim to exquisite personal loveliness; indeed, there were not a few *petites amies* who asserted that her great success in "Le Maître de Forges" was owing to the effect she produced on the eyes rather than on the intellect of the critics. Jane Hading, however, was well known as a light-opera singer all over the south of France, and even in Morocco and Algiers, long before M. Ohnet discovered in her his ideal Claire. She belongs to an honourable theatrical family, and made her débüt at the age of three at Marseilles in the arms of her father, M. Hadingue.

The Théâtre Français exercises a strange fascination on French-speaking mummies; they try to become part of "La Maison de Molière," and yet, when once their desire has been fulfilled, spend the rest of their time trying to elude its rules. It will be interesting to see how Madame Hading will occupy the position of a star among those who consider themselves comets, which will be the more difficult inasmuch as her large private fortune enables her to exist on a much more sumptuous scale than that usually affected by those ladies who think more of past traditions than of present glories or future triumphs.

A good many trade unionists may be glad to recall the features of Mr. George Potter, who fought in the ranks long before the movement had obtained the support of a leading daily newspaper and the respectful attention of Cabinet Ministers. Mr. Potter, who died on June 3, was a native of Kenilworth, but since 1854 had lived in London. One of the events of his life was the maralling of the Garibaldi procession through London. In the great Reform demonstration, also, Mr. Potter was a prominent figure. For nine years he was member of the School Board for London; but he was unsuccessful in obtaining a seat in the House of Commons.



Photo by the Parisian School of Photography, Fleet St.
THE LATE MR. GEORGE POTTER.

Latterly, as in the case of other early leaders, he had been somewhat out of sympathy with the modern developments of trade unionism.

Mr. Gabriel Thorp's concert last Thursday at Steinway Hall attracted a large audience, which was exuberant in applause, if not very discriminating. Mr. Thorp sang with taste, displaying a pleasant voice and good style. A novelty was a whistling duet by Colonel Cleather and Colonel Stuart, which was encored. Miss José Sherrington, Madame Agnes Larcom, and Madame Clara Samuell were, as usual, favourites, the latter giving Miss Lehmann's "At the making of the hay" with much charm. Mr. David Wilson earned an encore, as did also Mrs. Heseltine Owen for a particularly pretty ballad. Considering the warm weather, it would be welcome if the ice, which always diffuses coolness at Mr. Clifford Harrison's recitals, were a permanent feature at Steinway Hall.

THE ANTARCTIC AS A WHALING GROUND.

THE FIRST EXPEDITION.

"In the North Sea lived a whale." Time was when this was a reality, literally golden, and not a mere refrain, in the past tense, from the unsubstantial regions of comic opera. But of recent years the North Sea whale, like its prototype in "Olivette," which encountered the



THE "BALENA" LEAVING THE TAY.

torpedo, has vanished, and its hunters have had to turn southwards to the Antarctic Sea. The first expedition southwards, undertaken by the four Dundee steamers, Balaena, Diana, Active, and Polar Star, is, indeed, a very interesting one from various points of view.

Previous to last year, whale hunting had been confined to the Arctic regions, to which, every summer, a larger or smaller fleet of steamships went, according to the "prospects" of the season. The adventure has considerable risks. A steamship is sent out on a four months' voyage, with a crew of from forty to sixty men, all of whom are paid monthly wages, with a percentage on the catch in addition. If the voyage be successful, the crew get a very high supplementary wage; but, on the other hand, if the voyage be unsuccessful the owners have the wages bill to pay all the same, and the difference in money between a successful and an unsuccessful voyage would average about £10,000. Whale hunting in the Arctic regions has, however, had to be practically given up as being unprofitable—not that the species is extinct, but that the whale has retired into ice-bound regions where no whaler can penetrate. It is the opinion of one of the oldest and most experienced whalers, Captain David Gray, of Peterhead (who is known as "the Prince of Whalers"), that the use of steam has seriously injured whaling. Before steam was introduced into their ships the whales never knew when an enemy was in their neighbourhood until a whale-boat was close to them and a harpoon pierced their flesh. It was no uncommon thing in the early days of whaling for these Leviathans of the deep to come up alongside a whaling vessel and gaze, doubtless with curiosity not unmixed with contempt, upon the rival occupant of its icy abode. But now the throb of the engine is detected by them at a great distance, and they may be seen through the telescope listening for a moment, and then darting suddenly away for good in evident alarm.

Thus, on the advice of Captain Gray, it was decided to make a voyage of discovery to the Antarctic Sea, and a Dundee company, managed by Mr. Robert Kinnes, fitted up four of their vessels, the Active, Balaena, Diana, and Polar Star, for the expedition, and these, under the command respectively of Captain Robertson, Captain Fairweather, and Captains Robert and James Davidson, sailed from Dundee on Sept. 8 last. They passed through the Pentland Firth to Land's End, encountering severe gales, which greatly retarded the voyage. They arrived at the Falkland Islands in the second week of December, a curious coincidence being that, notwithstanding the different courses steered and the length of the voyage, they made Port Stanley almost simultaneously. After coaling, they left for the ice, and came upon it in about ten days. There is no peculiarity about the southern icy regions to distinguish them from the north, save that icebergs are much larger, it being no uncommon thing to pass tablelands of ice twenty to thirty miles long. The weather was very changeable, two consecutive days being seldom alike.

Fogs and gales alternated frequently, and interfered with the prosecution of the fishing.

The expedition was undertaken mainly for the purpose of catching the black whale, so valuable on account of its bone, but after a fortnight's cruising nothing of the species could be discovered. The voyagers are not, however, prepared to say that the "right" or Greenland whale does not exist in the Antarctic Sea. In his report on the possibility of there being different kinds of whales there, Sir James Ross noted the presence of "finners," which the Dundee ships found in abundance, but referred to a second kind of cetacean. In the course of the whole investigation by the Dundee men, they found nothing essentially differing from the "finner," which, from a commercial point of view, is almost worthless—certainly not worth ship-room to the mother country. They admit that they may have missed the black whale, or that they did not strike its haunts; but from the fact that a "district" extending between 65 deg. south and 57 deg. west was explored the possibility is very remote.

By New Year's Day it became certain that the further pursuit of the unfound cetacean would be foolishness, and it was equally certain that a full cargo could be made of the numberless seals everywhere around them. These were found to be of four species—two larger and two smaller. Of the smaller ones, one is the white Antarctic and the other very similar in form, but mottled grey, called by Ross the sea-leopard. The largest species, which was frequently captured, measured about twelve feet in length, and had a head like a bear. It has a splendid skin, of a dark greyish-brown colour, mottled with lighter grey. It has four formidable tusks, but, like the rest of the Antarctic seals, does not recognise man as an enemy. The fourth variety is the fish seal, but it was rarely met with. Day after day the slaughter went on—the seals awaiting being knocked on the head with evident composure.

Each ship was provided with seven boats, of which six, with their crews of six men, were employed in seal hunting, the other being kept near the vessel to which it belonged in case of a "commercial" whale being sighted. The man in charge of each boat has an "Express" rifle, each of the other five being armed with a stout club. The seals were found on floating ice, and, being unsuspecting of an attack, they could be approached without any difficulty. It was observed that there was but slight mingling among the different species. The day's "hunt" averaged about 350 seals, but it was often as low as 150, and sometimes

as high as 500. Thus, by the middle of February each vessel had about 6000 seals, constituting what is known as "full ship"—that is, that every tank was filled with blubber (unrefined oil) and every corner packed full of skins.

The exact commercial value of the expedition cannot yet be definitely arrived at. The venture is new, and the voyage being lengthy the expenses will be much heavier than an ordinary Arctic voyage, while the market value of the seal-skins, which are of different kinds, has yet to be ascertained. That these are of considerable value there can be no doubt, and the large quantity brought home will, at all events, prevent the owners and the ships' crews from suffering pecuniary loss.

The birds seen in these latitudes are the Cape pigeon, the petrel, and the mollyhawk. These are exceedingly tame.

having possibly never seen the face of man before, the result being that they are very easily captured. When sealing was slack, the men amused themselves in killing the penguins, which were found in great abundance on the drift ice. Sitting calmly in long rows, they could be felled by the dozen before they were aware of attack. They were found to be excellent food, and, as they weigh from fifty to eighty pounds, they were a relished substitute for the ordinary rations of the crews.



CAPTAIN ALEXANDER FAIRWEATHER, OF THE "BALENA."



CAPTAIN ROBERT DAVIDSON, OF THE "DIANA."

The failure of the expedition, so far as whaling has been concerned, has been attributed to practising in the south the methods of the hunt in the north. "The vast extent of stormy ocean, without a harbour of refuge, is alone a serious obstacle to successful whale fishery. Sperm whaling, if prosecuted by steam-vessels in the vicinity of New Zealand, and especially to the southward of that group of islands, cannot fail to



CAPTAIN THOMAS ROBERTSON,
OF THE "ACTIVE."



CAPTAIN JAMES DAVIDSON, OF
THE "POLAR STAR."

be a success, unless bungled in a manner impossible to anticipate of such veteran whale hunters. The sperm whale, although fiercer and more agile than the right whale of the Arctic seas, is not more difficult to kill. He has his little peculiarities, of course, of which crushing a boat between his enormous jaws *à la* crocodile is one. Armed at both ends, too, he appears more formidable than his bone-bearing relatives. But he only appears so, the fact being that with boats' crews cool and knowing their business the unwieldy length and mighty bulk of the whale make him an easy prey.

The expedition was accompanied by several scientific men, furnished through the Meteorological Society and the Royal Geographical Society with excellent sets of apparatus. When the weather was favourable observations were taken and a vast tract of sea examined. A large number of interesting specimens of birds and of minute marine organisms, the latter by means of tow netting, were secured and preserved, and complete meteorological records were kept on board each of the ships. The temperature ranged from 84 deg. Fahrenheit to 21 deg., the latter being registered in the second week of February. The health of the crews was uniformly good, and only one death occurred among the whole 250 men. Our portraits are reproduced from the *Piper o' Dundee*.

AN INFORMAL ACCOUNT OF THE STATE CONCERT.

You ask me to give you some account of the State Concert. I wish I could give you any idea of the brilliancy of the scene. Having only been presented the other day, it was, as you know, my first State Concert. The Saloon, with its exquisitely carved and painted ceiling, the bright crimson hangings, the walls, the lovely flowers, the well-dressed guests, the gay uniforms, the sparkling jewels, the whole brilliantly lit with electric light in crystal globes, together with the quaint and gorgeous costumes of some of the foreign guests and the various gay uniforms of distinguished officers, combined to make my first State Concert an evening I shall not easily forget. I am not a good hand at description; as, however, you particularly ask me to tell you all I can, as you were unable to be there, I can only do my best. One who has been at many of these concerts tells me it was unusually crowded. Many of the ladies could not get into the concert-room; they had to sit on the stairs or anywhere else where was a vacant spot.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and party arrived soon after eleven, and their arrival was the signal for the concert to begin. Sir Arthur Sullivan conducted. I enclose a programme of the music. You may like to see it, for I think the border is very artistic, with the gold thistles, shamrock, oak, and acorns, the Queen's monogram and crown. Miss Macintyre was prevented singing by a bad cold. I cannot say I regretted her absence when the substitute was Madame Albani, whose beautiful, clear voice seemed to penetrate the high roof. Many people also admired Miss Clara Butt's voice very much, and, of course, Mr. Santley was appreciated. The concert was over about 12.30, and then such a rush to the supper-room, as if everyone was very hungry. I must not forget to tell you about

the dresses, though probably I shall omit to mention many of those you are most interested in, for, of course, I don't know a great many people yet, and there were many lovely dresses I could not put a name to. The Princess of Wales looked charming and as young as ever, I thought; she wore a black velvet dress trimmed with Brussels lace, a beautiful tiara of diamonds, and five different orders. The Prince of Wales looked particularly well in uniform, for I think a scarlet coat is more becoming to most men than a black one. Princess May was dressed very simply in blue gauze, with a single row of very fine diamonds round her neck. The Duke of York looked very well in his dark naval uniform. Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales wore dresses of very pale grey satin covered with tulle, the latter spangled with silver. Princess Christian wore a yellow satin dress, trimmed with white lace and pearl and diamond ornaments. Of course, all the royalties wore various orders. Princess Christian was, I think, the only one who had a badge of the Royal Nurses' Institution. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein wore a pale yellow dress, with a velvet bodice trimmed with lace. The Duchess of Buccleuch wore black, with magnificent emeralds and diamonds; her daughter, Lady Katherine Scott, in a simple white dress, with pearl ornaments and marguerites. The Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe wore black, and chaperoned her young granddaughter, Miss Russell, who wore a most becoming white dress. Lady Randolph Churchill wore dark blue satin. Lady Fanny Marjoribanks had a charming dress, in which blue and brown predominated, with a single row of fine pearls. The Countess of Dalkeith looked charming in a satin dress—I could not quite make out the colour. Lady Ampthill wore black, and her lovely pearls were much admired. Lady Brooke's dress was pale pink, with white tulle. Last, but not least, the Indian Princes were simply splendid, one wearing over his dark turban a magnificent row of diamonds, with strings of pearls of different sizes, round his neck some quite enormous. A little Indian lady seemed to be wrapped round in a wonderful cloak of red and gold; one could only see her dark eyes peering out of its folds. Of course, some of the dresses were most various; some Chinese attracted much attention at supper.

The Prince and Princess of Wales left at about a quarter past one, after a few kind, gracious words to those of us who were fortunate enough to be near. After their departure everyone left almost immediately. I wish I could have given you a better idea of what will certainly be a red-letter day to me; but you will be able to see a more accurate account in some of the papers, no doubt. A.



"What's this 'ere? 'Arf-a-crown from Charing Cross to Buckingham Paliss! Well, I don't know what our perfesshun is a-coming to!"

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE."*

Despite the fact that both the son and the son-in-law of Nathaniel Hawthorne have constituted themselves Boswells to their famous kinsman, there is plenty of room for Mr. Horatio Bridge's little volume of memories. Originally published in the form of articles in *Harper's Magazine*, it has no pretensions to the title of biography, and Mr. Bridge is careful to warn the captious critic even against the expectation of chronological exactness. The book, however, gives us a very fair idea of Hawthorne—the idea conveyed by a silhouette or a half-effaced pastel, suggesting almost more than it says.

Bridge made Hawthorne's acquaintance at Bowdoin College, whence he migrated from his secluded Salem home in 1821. At school he appears to have been popular, despite a certain reserve of manner and distaste for athletics. Bowdoin seems to have been a sort of antechamber to Olympus. Many of Hawthorne's classmates were afterwards distinguished. Franklin Pierce, who entered Bowdoin on the same day, lived to wield the Presidential sceptre. Henry Longfellow was a college contemporary of Hawthorne, and also George Cheever, one of the earliest Abolitionists. While at college Hawthorne seems to have struck a happy mean between the pursuit of pleasure and of learning, for, although he read voraciously, we are told that he was fined fifty cents for card-playing, and showed a persistent aversion to mathematics and metaphysics.

On leaving college Hawthorne contemplated several modes of industry, one of which was to enter his uncle's counting-house. Though his temperament was too sanguine and his sense of humour too strong to make him a dreamer of dreams, he appears to have been subject to recurrent attacks of vacillation of purpose and partial inaction. His repugnance to a commercial life was, however, very definite, so, instead of occupying an office stool, he prepared for the press "Seven Tales of My Native Land." This fell into the hands of a dilatory publisher, and in the long interval between the writing of the stories and their transition into print Hawthorne got disgusted, reclaimed the manuscript, and burnt it. The same thing happened with "Fanshawe," his first novel, which he caught up and destroyed in a fit of spleen as soon as it was offered to the public. Bridge, like the true friend he was, remonstrated, but received in reply a letter in which the future author of "The Scarlet Letter" compared himself to one drifting helplessly over a cataract. "I'm a doomed man," he wrote, "and over I must go." There is a time in the career of most literary men when they feel that nothing remains for them but to curse the publishers and die. It was so with Hawthorne. He went through a long course of alternate robbery and patronage, until the publication of "Twice-Told Tales" in 1837, mainly through the instrumentality of Bridge himself, won him public acknowledgment of his powers, if not a plethora of dollars.

Two years later Hawthorne was appointed weigher and gauger in the Boston Custom House, which post he held till 1841. In spite of his unpractical mind, he does not seem to have been lacking in business ability, and his duties in the Custom House were discharged to the satisfaction of all concerned. A short period of residence as co-labourer in the small colony at Brook Farm, founded on communistic principles, intervened between his resignation of Custom duties and his marriage in 1842. He took his wife, Miss Sophie Peabody, to live at the Old Manse, Concord, and there began an existence of domestic felicity such as novelists occasionally write about in remorseful moments but rarely illustrate in their own persons. Hawthorne seems, indeed, to have been a singularly lovable character. The pinch of poverty and his wife's delicate health were alike powerless to embitter a nature buoyant and essentially optimistic. His hearthside happiness soon developed the proselytising instinct, and we find him advocating matrimony as a cure for *ennui* in a letter to his friend Bridge. "You would find all the fresh colouring restored to the faded pictures of life; it would renew your youth; you would be a boy again, with the deeper feelings and purposes of a man"—advice which apparently bore fruit, for Bridge took the prescription rather later in life. Not long after a daughter was born to the Old Manse family, which in 1845 quitted that peaceful retreat for

Salem, where in the following year Hawthorne received the appointment of surveyor to the Custom House, retaining it until he was removed by the new Whig Administration which came into power three years subsequently. Though his "decapitation," as Bridge calls it, was deeply vexatious to Hawthorne, it is unlikely that posterity will mourn the event, for it led directly to the completion and publication of his masterpiece. Its author does not appear to have anticipated the fame that awaited "The Scarlet Letter." "Some portions of the book are powerfully written," he acknowledges to his friend; "but my writings do not, nor ever will, appeal to the broadest class of sympathies, and, therefore, will not obtain a very wide popularity"—a judgment which the admiration of two continents has since contravened.

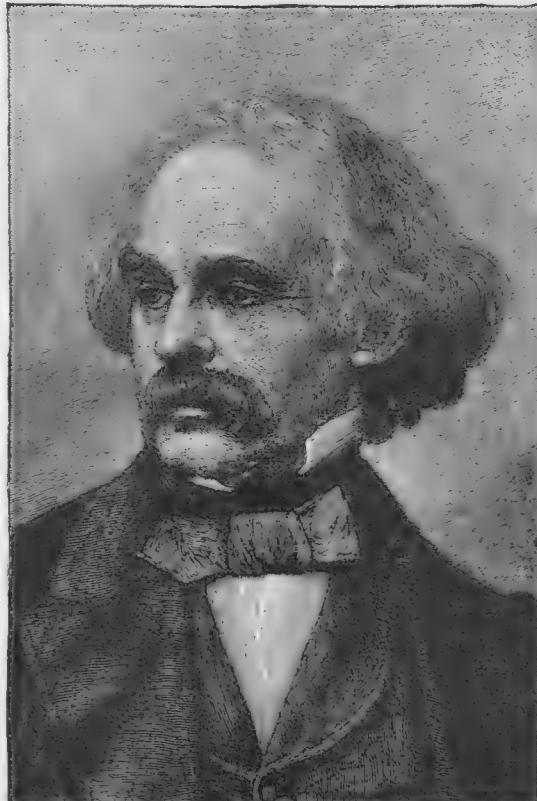
Nature, however, exacted her pound of flesh, which is the price of fame in Hawthorne's case, as in all other's. The mental exertion and bodily inactivity consequent on the production of the great romance left him with shattered nerves and a longing for simple country life. In the cottage at Lenox, where he went to recruit, "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Wonder Book for Girls and Boys," and the beginning of "Blithedale Romance" were written. The first of the three was

preferred by its author to "The Scarlet Letter," for in a letter to Bridge he expresses his opinion that portions of it are "as good as anything I can hope to write."

On the election of General Pierce to the Presidency in 1852, he immediately offered Hawthorne the Liverpool consulate, which was accepted not without hesitation. The political strife which raged around his friend Pierce seems to have caused Hawthorne deep distress and anger. "In my opinion," he writes in a letter from Liverpool, "we are the most miserable people on earth," adding that if it were not for his children he should never return to his native land. Hawthorne was a fervent friend. Besides the affection he bore Pierce, the latter's anti-Abolitionist views were shared by him to an extent which, doubtless, militated against his popularity. His tenure of the Liverpool consulate closed soon after the passing of the Bill to reduce official stipends. In 1856 he had written to Bridge: "I wish I were a little richer; but when I compare my situation with what it was before the publication of 'The Scarlet Letter' I have reason to be satisfied with my run of luck. And to say the truth, I had rather not be *too* prosperous. It may be superstition, but it seems to me that the bitter is very apt to come from the sweet, and bright sunshine casts a dark shadow. So I content myself with a moderate portion of sugar, and about as much sunshine as that of an English summer's day. In this view of the matter I am disposed to thank God for the gloom

and chill of my early life, in the hope that my share of adversity came then, when I bore it alone, and therefore it need not come now, when the cloud would involve those whom I love." But he did not grow richer. With a diminished salary Hawthorne's means would not permit him to retain office, and after a lengthened Italian tour we find the Hawthorne family again on their native heath at Concord in 1860. But the springs of life were running low and the great brain growing weary. Strange to say, he cheered up during the war. "It has had a beneficial effect upon my spirits," he wrote, "which were flagging wofully before it broke out. But it was delightful to share in the heroic sentiment of the time, and to feel that I had a country—a consciousness which seemed to make me young again. One thing, as regards this matter, I regret, and one I am glad of. The regrettable thing is that I am too old to shoulder a musket myself, and the joyful thing is that Julian is too young. He drills constantly with a company of lads, and he means to enlist as soon as he reaches the minimum age, but I trust that we shall either be victorious or vanquished before that time. Meantime (though I approve of the war as much as any man), I don't quite understand what we are fighting for, or what definite result can be expected." In the spring of 1864 Pierce came to him full of solicitude and suggestions of change of air. The two friends ultimately started together, travelling by easy stages in the ex-President's carriage, and on that last journey with Pierce towards the White Mountains the end came in the merciful guise of sleep.

Some great men's biographies read curiously like a brief for the defence—an apology for the moral obliquity called by courtesy the insanity of genius. We are as yet too near Hawthorne to assign him his ultimate place in the hierarchy of literature. But in his life-story there is need of neither exoneration nor extenuation. It was planned on the old ideals—nobly planned, and right well lived all through. R. D.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.
From a photograph taken in 1860.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The circumstances attending the recent royal betrothal and approaching marriage have this of advantage, that they make for good taste and self-restraint on all sides. The polysyllabic raptures of the adulatory scribe are mute; mute also are the sneers of his equal and opposite—the sardonic Radical, whether he retail himself for sixpence in wrapper of livid green, or lavish on the crowd for a mere copper his frowsy bundles of small talk in covers that blush for their own contents.

For, to every action, as Newton told us long ago, there is always an equal and opposite reaction, except, perhaps, in actions for breach of promise, which are almost invariably one-sided affairs. And to every ebullition of sickening and servile flattery of those in high place corresponds the malignant and bilious satire of some courtier of the people; for there be two species of public snobs, and any particular individual may belong to either camp by a mere accident. A casual and unintentional smile of a great personage, directed to Bloggins and averted from Sloggins, may make Bloggins a lifelong champion of throne and altar and Sloggins a Republican and Freethinker. The one attitude that your snob will *not* adopt towards royalty is that of rational and quiet courtesy; but for the rest it is a toss-up whether he carneys or Carnegies.

I remember vaguely looking through a book by the Triumphant Democrat describing his journeys through England on that eminently democratic vehicle, a four-in-hand. And somewhere in that volume, I seem to remember that the missionary of Republicanism tried hard to indoctrinate the youth of this country with his own notions. Why, said he in effect, should all you fine, manly young fellows allow persons inferior to you in body, mind, manners, and morals to take precedence of you on all solemn occasions, in parties, in society generally? And he mourned over the small success he had enjoyed in bringing the blush of shame to the manly cheek of the British youth at the thought of his servility.

The explanation of the whole matter is simply that the ceremonial precedence accorded to rank due to birth is not servility but convention. We give the wall to sex and age, as well as to nobility; not that any particular woman or old man is necessarily in any way superior to ourselves, but that the individual represents the whole body of women or old men, and is thereby entitled to the conventional symbol of the chivalrous respect or reverence which we accord to the mass.

It is when the convention is taken for more than its worth by either party that it becomes harmful: when one snob feels it necessary to become the bondslave of a lord, to copy him in dress and ways and language, or another snob feels outraged in his personal dignity because a prince precedes him into church. It is not that what the lord or prince does is especially noble or beautiful, or even pleasant; it is merely that the snob either thirsts to do the same or rages because he cannot. Doubtless, the person of rank would often be thankful to get away from the precedence and publicity which is his by convention, and to take a back seat, where for a time he could observe instead of being observed.

There is such a delight in insignificance, in being unknown to the world! Within wide limits, you can do exactly what you like—if you are not too poor, or sometimes if you are poor. But you must be one of a large world to profit by your insignificance. In some villages and most cathedral cities every person is important enough to be the object of observation and the subject of scandal, not because he is so great, but because his environment is so exceeding small. For real freedom of life there is nothing, next to the Sahara (which has its inconveniences), but a great city.

And for an Englishman or American the height of freedom must be life in Paris. The good old Anglo-Saxon notion of liberty was to be let alone by others, and this is becoming lost owing to the encroaching tyranny of newspapers and public opinion so-called. Why do American millionaires go on piling up wealth "beyond the dreams of avarice," when they neither can nor dare spend the interest of their yearly income? Obviously, because their world is organised for acquisition and not for enjoyment. Now, Paris is organised for enjoyment rather than for acquisition. There is no ceaseless curtain of coal-smoke watching its opportunity to blend with a river mist into a "London particular." When the sun is bright all the city lives out of doors.

But Paris seems to be getting Anglicised—at least, on the conspicuous top. English names abound in the chief streets; English tailors clothe

the gilded youth; English biscuits and American drinks soothe their souls between their regular meals. Nay, all Paris goes out to see "le steeplechase," and hails without rancour the victory of "un outsider," ridden by "un gentleman sportsman." Private carriages seem to be driven by English coachmen, or excellent imitations of them. In a shop of the Rue Montmartre was a display of imitation crocodile "sovereign purses," at 1 fr. 50 c., identical with the little "French purses" that I had seen in London for a shilling. And very probably they were "made in Germany."

I do not suppose that without the foreigner, especially the British and American foreigner, Paris could pay its way. It manufactures little; it is not a great port or the natural centre of a rich agricultural district. And the native population of France rather declines than increases in numbers. The virulent patriots complain that the foreigners eat them out of house and home; but at least the strangers pay for what they eat, whether in money or in work.

Now, in Russia the natives have reason to complain, in one sense. Germans occupy many positions of trust and importance, requiring care, thrift, foresight. They are booksellers, chemists, any trade of a more intellectual order. But this is not the case in France. The rich or well-to-do foreigner comes to spend his money—acquired elsewhere—agreeably; the labourer comes to fulfil the work of a hewer of wood and drawer of water, for which a stationary population, with a fairly high standard of comfort, no longer furnishes recruits in sufficient numbers.

Yet certain patriots of the baser sort are trying to get up an anti-foreigner agitation on the model of the Panslavistic movement of their dear friends, the Russians. It will not answer. You cannot well exclude one class or nationality and let in others, and to shut out the foreigner from Paris would probably be the signal for war. If the chiefs of this reactionary movement really want to keep the alien out of France, let them hire their friends the Anarchists to destroy Paris, and keep it destroyed, or, better still, build an English or American manufacturing town on the site; then the stranger would cease to sully French soil with his presence and insult the patriot with his gold.

One scene in Paris is not gay this summer, and that is the Salon. The pictures are, as a rule, positively painful to look upon. Half of them seem to be weird combinations of painful purples, ghastly greens, and baleful blues, all faded, and looking like nothing so much as gigantic bruises. The landscapes reeked with purple shadows, and their light was pallid mist. Truly, the conventional baby of the Academy would have been a welcome sight, after the acres of purple and green, and again green and purple.

And the "nudes," always fairly abundant at the Salon, were distressing in their absolute absence of imagination. Nearly all were simply and solely studies of undressed models, and suggested nothing more. Not one could well bring a blush to the cheek of any young person not absolutely idiotic. The most corrupt observer could hardly have drawn vicious satisfaction from the contemplation of those undraped figures; the one unsatisfied yearning they aroused was to know how many francs and centimes the model got for sitting.

There was one comfort—the purple and green mania did not seem to have invaded figure painting to any great extent. The nymphs or bathers, or whatever title was given to the models, were not embodied bruises. But, though I may be accused of patriotism and of being no true Liberal, I must confess that I greatly prefer the Academy of this year to the Salon. In the first place, the Academy contains several hundred fewer works of art, and, in the second place, I have not yet been there.

But, at any rate, I know the Academy is not all purple and green and livid. Our artists have not yet succumbed to *that* heresy; indeed, they should scorn to take their cue from abroad. For is not landscape the peculiar province of the English painter? (Some assert that Englishmen say this because they can't draw the figure.) On this ground—and on that of its smaller size—I fearlessly assert that the Academy of this year is better than the Salon.

And there is one more assertion that can be boldly made with regard to the Academy of 1893. It is better than the Academy of 1894.

MARMITON.

TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.

BY MR. A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



THE MISSES HATHAWAY.

Annie Bassano



A FAIR LEAD.—THOMAS BLINKS.

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ART NOTES.

An artistic event, which can scarcely be described as of minor importance, took place on Monday, when the Fine Art Society opened its doors to an exhibition of Mr. Linley Sambourne's drawings, "fanciful, social, and political." Mr. Sambourne has a manner in art so entirely peculiar to himself, so little imitative, so little imitated, that such an exhibition has an extremely interesting value. Here are gathered together black-and-white subjects dealing often with the events of the day, sometimes with the literature of the day, and occasionally with the competitions of the day. In the hands of a fine artist one might look for some highly interesting result of so unique a combination, and the expectation is amply justified.

Mr. Linley Sambourne is, to be brief, among the strongest of contemporary artists in black and white. Strength is his characteristic—strength of conception, strength of design, strength of execution. He accordingly draws with admirable precision and determination. He scarcely depends upon the single line inevitably put in, after the manner of his great colleague, Charles Keene, whose active drama, nervous, highly strung, and superb, appears in the achievement so facile, so easily accomplished. Mr. Sambourne's effects are rather those of decoration.

His movement is not particularly successful. Figures dignified in repose—as, for example, the greater part of the Bismarck series—stand in a certain statuesque beauty, made striking by the strange phenomenon of an artist conventionalising his own line. A strange and interesting phenomenon, truly! We are all aware—perfectly aware—of Mr. Sambourne's meanings; he never leaves us in doubt; yet his meaning is expressed through a series of conventions, of which he is sole and absolute creator. The convention—this array of resolute lines, of deliberate contrast between light and shade, of self-conscious display in a certain *total* effect—perhaps lacks a high aesthetic charm. There is no decadence whatever about Mr. Sambourne's drawing.

To come to the actual exhibition under consideration, a "Drawing for Kingsley's 'Water Babies'" (29) abounds in a wonderfully strong humour, as also a very pleasing, more tender interest. The figure of the child as he sits within his bubble undergoing examination is a charming illustration of child-life, and the whole is extremely well composed and graduated. Another political cartoon, "Le Petit Due" (15), representing the historical escapade of the

Duc d'Orléans has in it a delightful spirit of jollity and "go"; while in "The New Tale of a Tub" (52), another political cartoon, there is observable a curious lack of strength in the mere action, whether that action is sought either in the face or in the body.

A celebrated cartoon, which has well deserved its success, and which is on exhibition in these rooms, is that of Lord Randolph Churchill, "At Sea in an Easter Egg-Shell" (187). There is an irresponsibility, a wild freedom of character in the composition with, at the same time, a strong and powerful humour. A very clever caricature—merely a caricature, not, at the same time, as often happens with Mr. Sambourne, a decorative cartoon as well—is "The Times Tacking" (181). The great sail of the smack, which is, in fact, the outside page of the *Times*, is an admirable bit of technique, and well deserves the praise it has received.

As a foil to this, and as a specimen of very fine decoration, "The Chimes" (121) must be reckoned. Its lines of composition meet and separate in fine and harmonious vitality, a decorative quality for which certain specimens of Mr. Sambourne's art are not always conspicuous, particularly in a very self-conscious piece of Victorian decoration, "Jubilee Drawing" (38). With this, although there is much more that might be said, we conclude a notice of an admirably strong exhibition.

"A Fair Lead," by Thomas Blinks, reproduced from a print by the Berlin Photographic Company, 133, New Bond Street, is a vigorous hunting subject. Over the low-lying stile a lady on horseback has just leaped, leaving the other hunters some distance in the rear. The animal is truly jumping, truly moving, while the central figure of the picture sits firm and erect in the saddle. Afar, under the grey sky, and rising slightly above the line of middle distance, spreads a copse of thin trees, some throwing their arms to wintry air, some straight and undemonstrative. The picture is full of life.

"Going Well," from a picture by the same artist, and published as a print by the same company, is also reproduced in these columns. It is a quieter subject than "A Fair Lead," yet has a quality of quickness about it which is well appropriated to the subject which it attempts to realise. The horse is progressing at a steady and quiet gallop, well in hand, yet permitted a temperate speed. As in the former subject, but this time painted much nearer to the eye, is the copse of trees, wintry, cold, and inviting the hunt. The detail is simple and sufficient; the composition of the whole is audacious and successful.



GOING WELL.—THOMAS BLINKS.

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HIDE AND SEEK.—GUSTAVE BOULANGER.
EXHIBITED AT THE BERNHEIM (JUN.) GALLERY, PICCADILLY, W.



LA LUTTE POUR LA VIE.—H. E. DELACROIX.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



LE PROPHÈTE ELIE NOURRI PAR LES CORBEAUX.—G. ROUSSIN.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE SORROWFUL HOUR.

BY FLORA A. STEEL.

It was one of those blue days which come to the plains of Upper India when the rains of early September have ceased, leaving the heat-weary, dust-soiled world regenerate by baptism.

A light breeze sent westering ripples along the pools of water filling each shallow depression, and stirred the fine fretwork of an acacia set



thick with little, odorous puffs, sweet as a violet. Despite the ruddy glow of the sinking sun, the shadows, far and near, still kept their marvellous blue—a clear porcelain blue, showing the purity of the rain-washed air. A painter need have used but three colours in reproducing the scene—red and blue and yellow in the sky; russet and blue and gold in the tall battalions of maize and millet half-conquered by the sickle, which stood in shadowed squares or lay in sunlit reaches, right away to the level horizon.

Russet and blue and gold in the dress of a woman crouching against the palisade of plaited tiger-grass, which formed two sides of the well-homestead. Seen upon this dull gold diaper, her madder-red veil and blue petticoat, with their corn-coloured embroideries, seemed to blend and be lost in the harvest scene beyond, even the pools of water finding counterpart in the bits of looking-glass gleaming here and there among her ample drapery. She was a woman who in other countries would have been accounted in the prime of life; in India, past it. Yet, as she crouched—her whole body tense in the effort of listening—every line of her strong face and form showed that she was not past the prime of passion.

"Ari! Heart's delight! See, O father! Yon is his fifth step, and still he totters not. What! wouldst erawl again? Oh! fie upon such laziness!" The high, girlish voice from within the palisade paused in a gurgle of girlish laughter. "Say, O father! looks he not, thus poised hands and feet, for all the world like the monkey people in Gopal's shop when they would be at the sweets? Ai! my brother! what hast found in the dust? Cry not, heart's life. Mother will give it back to Chujju again. So, that is good! Holy Ganesji! Naught but a grain of corn! Art so hungry as all that, my little pecking pigeon, my little bird from heaven?"

"Little gluton, thou meanest," chuckled a bass voice. "Still, of a truth, O Maya, the boy grows."

"Grows? I tell thee he hath grown. See you not this two-year-old hath turned farmer already? He comes to bargain with thee, having his corn in his hand. Give him a good price, to handsel his luck, O Gurditta Lumberdar."

Headman of village.

"I will pay thee for him, O wife! Sure, hast thou not given me the boy, and shall I not pay my debt? Nay, I am not foolish, as thou sayest. What! Wouldst have me kiss thee also, little rogue? So! Yet do I love mother best—best of all."

The woman behind the palisade stood up suddenly. Tall as she was, the feathery tops of the tiger-grass rose taller; so she could stand, even as she had crouched, unseen. Unseeing also. Other women might have lent eyes to aid their ears, but Saraswati was no spy—no eavesdropper by intent, either. The lacquered spinning-wheel, the wheat-straw basket piled with downy cotton cards, which lay on the ground beside her, testified to what her occupation had been, till something—Heaven knows what, for she heard such light-hearted babbles every day—in those careless voices roused her pent-up jealousy beyond the dead level of patience. She was not jealous of the child. Ah, no! not of the child. Was it not for the sake of such a one that three years before she had given Maya, his mother, a dignified welcome to the childless home? But Maya? Ah! well was she called Maya—the woman prolific of deceit and illusion, of whom the pundits spoke; woman, not content with being the child-bringer, but seeking—Saraswati's large, capable hands closed in upon themselves tightly. She did not need to peer through the plaited chinks to know the scene within. She saw it burnt in upon her slow, constant brain.

The tall bearded man of her own age—her own type—her kinsman—the patient, kindly husband of her youth; the child—his naked brown limbs dimpled still more by silver circlets on wrists and ankles—those curving, dimpling limbs, which, somehow, made her heart glad; and between them, degrading them both, Maya, with her petty, pretty face, her petty, pretty ways.

Suddenly, as it had come, the passion passed—passed into that curious resignation, that impassive acquiescence, which does more to separate East from West than all the seas which lie between England and India.

"Old Dhunnu said sooth," she muttered, stooping to gather up her wheel and bobbins methodically. "'Tis the child which makes him love her, and I have been a fool to doubt it. I will delay no longer."

Behind the low mud houses, angled so as to form two sides of the square, four or five jujube trees clustered thickly, and beneath them the dark green whips of the jasmine bushes curved to the ground like a fountain set with blossoms. Hence, and from the straggling rose hard by,



She saw it burnt in upon her slow, constant brain.

the women in the early dawn gathered flowers for the chaplets used in the worship of the gods. There were so many occasions requiring such offerings; sorrowful hours and joyful hours, whether they were of birth, or marriage, or death. Who could say, till the end came, whether they were one or the other? Only this was certain, flowers were needed for them all.

Towards this thicket Saraswati, still with the same impassive face, made her way, pausing an instant before the long, low mud manger where her favourite milch cow stood tethered, to stroke its soft muzzle and give it a few tall stalks of millet from a sheaf resting against the well-wheel. Red and blue and gold again, as the broad yellow leaves and blood-streaked stems blent with her dress. Not a change in her face, as, parting the branches, she disappeared into the thicket, scattering the loose blossoms as she went. Not a change, when, after a minute or two, she reappeared, carrying a little basket with a domed cover, securely fastened by many strands of raw cotton thread, such as she had been spinning; a basket of wheaten straw festooned with cowries, and tufted with parti-coloured tassels, such as the Jātmī women make for the safe keeping of feminine trifles; an innocent-looking basket, suggestive of beads and trinkets. She paused a moment, holding it to her ear, and then for the first time a faint smile flickered about her mouth as she caught a curious rasping noise, half purr, half rustle.

"Death hath a long life," she murmured, as she hid the basket in the voluminous folds of her veil and walked over to the homestead.

smudge of charcoal on the boy's face! Gurditta laughed a deep, broad laugh as he strewed the long manger with corn cobs and green stuff cut from the fodder field by the well.

Meanwhile, within the house yard, Maya was sullenly blowing away at the embers held in the semicircular mud fireplaces ranged along one of the walls. A grass thatch, supported by two forked sticks, protected this, the kitchen of the house, from possible rain and certain sun; while on the other wall a similar screen did like duty to a triple row of niches or pigeonholes, wherein the household stores in immediate use were kept out of harm's way. For the rest, a clean-swept expanse of beaten earth set round, after the fashion in a farmer's house, with implements and lice-like stores of grain. Between the one thatch and the other Saraswati moved restlessly, bringing pickles and spices as they were wanted. And still the basket lay tucked away in the folds of her veil.

"The raw sugar is nigh done," she said, stooping with her back towards Maya to reach the lowest row of niches. "We must use the candy to-night, till I can open the big store. Luckily I bought some when we took the Diwali* sweets from Gopal." Then, ere she replaced the cloth in which the sweetmeats were tied, she held out a sugar horse to the child, who was playing by his mother. "Here, Chujju, wilt have one?"

Maya was on her feet at once, indignant, vehement.

"Thou shouldst not offer him such things. He shall not take them from thee. I will not have it. Nay, nay, my bird—my heart's delight!"

Mother will give thee sweets enough. Kick not so, life of my life! Ganesh! how he cries. He will burst: and 'tis thy fault. Hush, hush! See, here is mother's milk. Ai! wicked one! would bite? Ye gods, but 'tis a veritable *Toork* for temper."

Hushing the child in her arms, she walked up and down, followed by Saraswati's calm big black eyes.

"Thou art a fool, Maya," she said slowly, putting down the sugar horse. "Gopal's sweets would not have hurt the child so much as thy spitefulness." Then she turned to her work again among the niches. When she rose the basket was in her hand, the threads were broken, and the cover tilted as if something slender and supple had been allowed to slip out. Perhaps it had, for behind the sugar horse, standing in the lowermost niche, two specks of fire gleamed from the shadow. It was growing dark now, but the harvest moon riding high in the heavens and the now flaming fire aided the dying daylight, and a curious radiance, backed by velvety shadows, lay on everything.

"I must sweep out the niches thoroughly to-morrow," she said indifferently. "Me thought just now I heard the rustle as of a *jelabi*.† They love to hide in such places, and

therefore I bid thee but yesterday see to their cleansing. But, sure, what work is done in this house mine must be the hand to do it. See to your lentils, sister; methinks they burn at the bottom."

Maya, with a petulant shrug of her shoulders, set down the child.

"Such work spoils my hands, and—and—folk like them pretty."

Even she, town born and town bred, did not dare before this grave-eyed peasant woman to name her husband's name in such a connection,‡ but Saraswati understood the allusion, and the simple, straightforward naturalism drawn from ages of rural life which was her heritage rose up in arms against such depravity. But even as she lashed herself to revenge by the thought, everything that was stable seemed to shift, all that moved to stand still. Her heart ceased beating, the walls span round, the moon quivered, the flames grew rigid. Ah, no! one thing that moved would not pause. Chujju had caught sight of the sugar horse, and was creeping towards it, now on his little fat hands, now tottering on his little fat feet, his glistening eyes fixed on the niche which held those gleaming specks of fire.

No! nothing was too bad for Maya, and Dhummu, the wise woman, had been right when she said that the charm lay in the child. It must be so—and death was naught. There! he was close now, one little hand stretched out, the dimples showing.

* For the most part, sugar animals, such as are sold at English fairs.

† *Echis carinata*, the Indian viper. It lies coiled in a true-lovers' knot, rustling its scales one against the other. It is the most vicious and irritable of all Indian snakes.

‡ A husband's name should never be mentioned by a wife, especially in matters referring to herself.



"Thou wilt not tell."

As she entered by a wide gap in the plaited palisade, the scene within was even as she had imagined it; but the barb had struck home before, and the actual sight did not enhance her resentment.

"It grows late, O Maya," she said coldly. "Leave playing with the child and see to the fire for the cooking of our lord's food. Thou hast scarce left an ember aglow beneath the lentils while I was yonder spinning."

The reproof was no more than what might come with dignity from an elder wife; but Gurditta, lounging his long length in well-earned rest on a string bed, rose, murmuring something of seeing to the plough oxen ere supper time. The big man was dimly dissatisfied with affairs; he felt a vague desire to behave better towards the woman who had been his faithful companion for so many years. But for her, he knew well, things would go but ill in the little homestead by the well. Yet Maya was so pretty. What man, still undulled by age, would not do as he did? For all that, the little, capricious thing might be more friendly with Saraswati: there was no need for her to snatch Chujju in her arms whenever the latter looked at the child. But then women—and Maya was a thorough woman—were always so fearful of the evil eye. Fancy her calling that straight-limbed, utterly desirable son, Chujju,* as if anyone would cast such a gift away in the sweeper's pan! As if the gods themselves, far off as they were, could be deceived by such a palpable fraud, or that ridiculous

* From *Thujj*, a sweeper's basket. One of the many opprobrious names given to avert the envious, and therefore evil, eye.

A cry, fierce, almost imperative, and Saraswati had him in her arms, while something slim and grey fell from the niche in its spring, and wriggled behind a pile of brushwood.

"I saw its eyes," she gasped, still straining the child to her ample bosom, when Gurditta, brought thither by Maya's screams of "Snake! snake!" stood beside her, his breath coming fast, his manliness stirred to its depths.

Maya saw the danger swiftly. "Give him to me," she clamoured. "O husband, make her give him to me. She would kill him if she could. She put it there. I saw her put it there—I swear it."

Saraswati turned on her in calm contempt. "Thou liest, O Maya; since Time began, spirit of deceit and mother of illusion. Thou didst not see me put it there."

Then, with the same dignity, she turned to the man.

"Master! Take the child. He is safe. This much is true, I saved him."

That night, when the moon still shone in the cloudless sky, Saraswati, her veil wrapped closely round her, stole softly from the homestead. Past the resting oxen, out among the serried battalions of maize and millet, where the tall sheaves, lying prone on the ground, looked like the bodies of those who had fallen in the day's fight; down on the sun-cracked borders of the tank, whence the water was sinking swiftly, now the rain had ceased; by the ghostly peepul-trees, shorn of their branches which the camels love, and looking weird and human with great arms stretched skywards; so on to the burning ghât beyond, with its little cones of mud marking the spot of each funeral pyre, and the twinkling lights set here and there by pious survivors. Saraswati drew her veil tighter and sped faster as she passed through the more recent ashes, as yet uncovered, but swept into little heaps; and there—horrible sight!—still scattered, with the uncalcined bones gleaming in the moonlight, and a faint line of smoke still circling upwards lay the most recent of all. That must be old Anant Ram, the *khuttri* (merchant) who had died that morning: an evil man, come to his end.

She was trembling ere she reached the hut where Dhun Devi, the wise woman, kept watch and ward over the ashes. A miserable shanty, where she found the old woman asleep before a large iron pot, supported on a trivet. Beneath it some cow-dung cakes smouldered slowly, yet not so slowly but that every now and again a blood-red bubble showed on the contents of the pot. A flaring oil-lamp, filched, doubtless, from those outside, stood in a smoke-blackened niche, and by its light you could see festoons of dank, blood-red drapery clinging to a rope, while, with a drip, drip, drip, something fell upon the floor—something which ran in rills right out to the moonlight, and, sinking into the sand, stained it blood-red. A ghastly setting to the wise woman's crouching figure, even though Saraswati knew that Mai Dhunnu was engaged in no more nefarious occupation than dyeing the webs of her ignorant neighbours with madder.

The old crone stood up hastily, then sank to her low stool again when she had peered into her visitor's face. "Thou wilt not tell," she whispered in a hoarse croak, which, coming in reality from a throat affection, vastly enhanced her claims to wisdom in the eyes of the villagers. "Thou art of the old style; not like these apes of to-day, with their dog-eared books and their dyes which fade before a January sun." The chuckle she gave suited her surroundings well; so did the claw-like hand she laid suddenly on Saraswati's firm arm. "Well, daughter! Hast plucked up courage? Hast learnt to trust the wisdom of old Dhun De?"

Saraswati shook her head. "Thou must find other wisdom for me, mother," she said briefly. "Such is not for me."

"Obstinate! I tell thee 'tis the glamour of the child."

"Tis not the child, though the gods know the poison hath bit deeper somehow since he came. Lo! I have tried it, and 'tis not my way. Nor would I kill her. That were too trivial, seeing she is not worth life. I want but my share. It is empty here, emptier than ever, somehow, since the boy was born."

She clasped her strong hands above her heart. The glow of the fire, spreading as the old woman fanned it with the tremulous breath of age, lit up the big black brows knit above the puzzled black eyes.

Dhun Dei straightened her bent back, and looked at her companion critically.

"Life is more than the shadow of a passing bird to such as thou, O Saraswati! 'Tis not wise. For death is naught, and life is naught. The soul of man circles ever, like the potter's wheel, upon its pivot. Have I not seen it? Have I not known it? Did I not go through the night of a thousand dangers myself, and bring five stalwart sons into the day? Where are they? Have they not passed into the dark again? Have not my hands piloted many through the Sorrowful Hour and sent many from it? Lo! the snake would not have harmed the child."

"I care not if thou speakest truth or not, O mother, though thou art learned above women in such thoughts, I know," muttered Saraswati, sullenly, with drooping head. "Only this I know, that way is not mine. There must be others. See! I have brought thee my golden armlet. *Dhun** was ever as a sign-post to Dhun Devi. Is't not so?"

The old dame's fingers closed greedily on the bribe, careless of the open sneer which accompanied it. "Ways?" she echoed. "Of a surety there are ways, but none so simple as death."

"Aye," said Saraswati, quietly, "I have thought of that. The well is deep, and the little feathery ferns in the crannies look kind. But they

would say Saraswati, the Jâtni, had been ousted from her own well-land by a stranger, and that is not so. I heed not the girl; deceit is her portion. "Tis something here." Again she laid her hand on her heart with a puzzled look. "Nor do I want *him* only. Couldst thou not turn the child's mind to me, so that, seeing his love, Gurditta would hold me dearer also?"

Dhun Dei shook her head, but her keen, bright old eyes were on the other's face.

"There is a way," she whispered, after a pause, "but death lurks in it often with such as thou."

"Whose death?"

"Thine own. Do not all women know how the Sorrowful Hour—"

Saraswati caught the withered wrist in a fierce clasp.

"Mai!" she panted; "Mai Dhunnu! Dost speak of the Sorrowful Hour to me—to me—after all these years! Is there hope—hope even yet?"

"If thou art not afraid—"

"Afraid!"

Sunrise in the homestead, and a new harvest waiting in battalions for the sickle. The jasmine fountain showered its green stems to the ground, but it was bare of blossoms. They hung in chaplets from the thatch screen beneath which, on that stifling August night, a woman had been passing through her Sorrowful Hour. In the dim dawn the little oil-lamps set about the bed flickered uncertainly in the breeze which heralds the day, and glinted now and again on the lucky knife suspended by the twist of lucky threads above the pillow. In a brazier hard by some pungent spices scattered upon charcoal sent up a clear blue line, like the last faint smoke from a funeral pyre. All that wisdom could do Dhun Dei had done, but a dead girl-baby lay between Saraswati and the harvest visible through the gap in the plaited palisade. The midwife shook her head as she peered into the unconscious face on the pillow.

"Only a girl, after all the fuss," came Maya's high, clear voice, as she sat cuddling Chujju in her soft round arms—Chujju, whom the gods had spared. "To die for a girl—for a dead girl, too—what foolishness! But 'twas her own fault. 'Tis bad enough for us young ones, and dear payment, after all, for the fun; and she had escaped all these years—"

Dhun Dei's claw-like fingers stopped the liquid flow of words.

"Go, infamous!" she whispered fiercely. "Such as thou are not mothers. Thou art Maya, the desire of the flesh. Go, lest I curse the child for thy sake."

With a little shriek of dismay, half real, half pretended, the girl gathered the sleeping child in her arms and disappeared into the huts.

"The wheel slackens on its pivot," muttered the old woman, stooping again over the still form on the bed. "I must get her to Mother Earth, as a seed to the soil, ere it stops."

She stood at the gap and called. The fine fretwork of the acacia branches showed against the growing blue of the sky. The little golden puffs sent their violet perfume into the air. A bird sat among them, chirruping to its mate.

"Come," she said, and the tall bearded man followed her meekly. Together—he at the head, she at the feet—they laid Saraswati on the ground with the dead child, half hidden in her veil, still between her and the great stretch of harvest beyond.

Suddenly, roused by the movement, she stirred slightly, and the big black eyes opened. Dhun Dei gripped the man's hand as if to detain him.

"The child—is it well with the child?" came in a faint voice.

Dhun Dei's clasp gripped firmer; a look recalling long past years came to her face.

"Yea, mother, it is well; thy son sleeps in thine arms."

Then, craning up from her crooked old age to reach his ear, she whispered swiftly—

"Say 'tis so if thou art a man, and bid her God-speed on her journey."

So, with her husband's hand in hers, a child in her arms, and a smile on her face, came the end of Saraswati's Sorrowful Hour.



THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"'HE COMETH NOT,' SHE SAID."

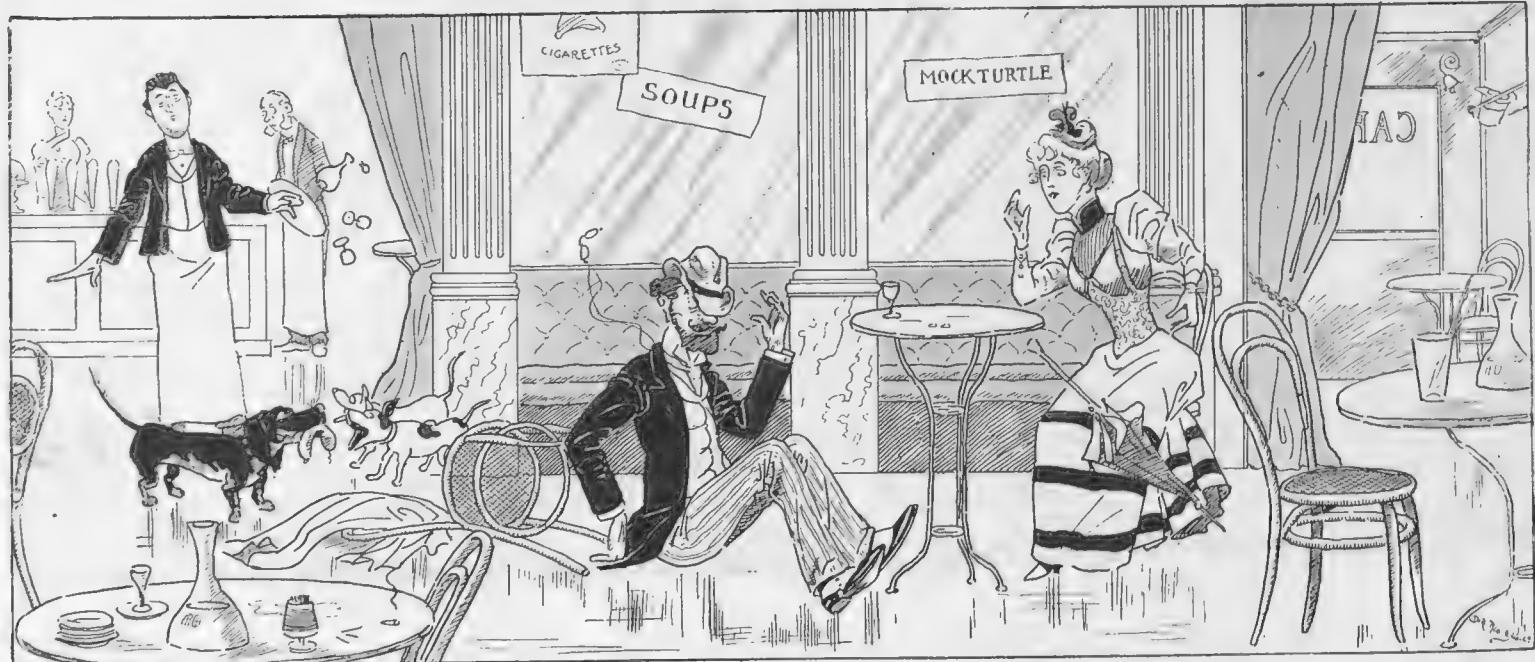
DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



"OH, WHAT A SURPRISE!"



"HIS! DIDDLE DIDDLE, THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE."



A CATASTROPHE.



"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look in her face, and you'll forget them all."



I.—INVITATION.



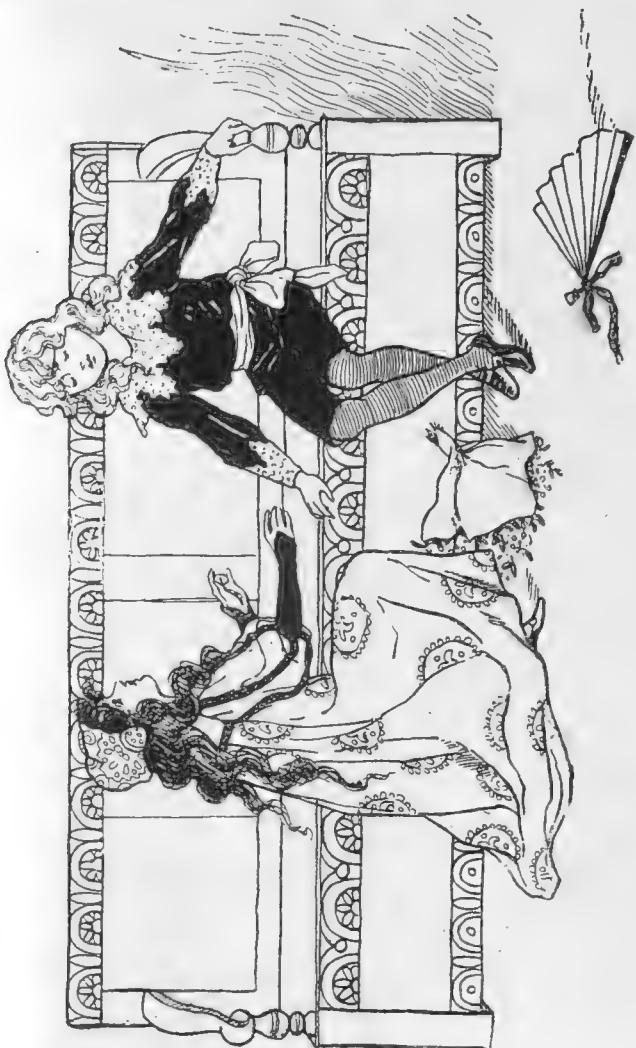
II.—ADMIRATION.



III.—DECLARATION.



IV.—EXULTATION.



VI.—GRATIFICATION.



VIII.—RECONCILIATION.



V.—DESIOLATION.



VII.—CONSOLATION.



CAPTAIN : " Manœuvres are exactly like real war, so you know what to do."

SUBALTERN : " Perfectly ; if you get killed, I take command."

WHY BEFRIEND THE RUSSIAN?

A TALK WITH MR. GEORGE KENNAN.

When a man with such a record behind him and such an arduous programme before him as Mr. George Kennan comes among us, one



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MR. KENNAN.

might have qualms about harassing him to repeat his life-work; but I had none, for I knew that the author of "Siberia and the Exile System"—a book that chills you to the very bone—is never weary in well-doing.

Is it well-doing? Is it worth all the weariness it entails?

Mr. Kennan is in the fortunate position of being able to start from the A B C of his campaign by answering such a question in the calmest spirit, for there was a time when he, too, was one of the doubters. Little more than ten years ago he believed that the Russian Government and the exile system had been greatly misrepresented by such writers as Stépniak and Prince Kropotkin; that Siberia was not so terrible a country as had been represented; that Nihilists, Terrorists, and political malecontents generally were unreasonable and wrong-headed fanatics of the anarchistic type.

"And what led you to change your views?" I asked.

"My visit to Siberia for the *Century Magazine* in 1884. I started on that voyage of discovery with all my prepossessions favourable to the Russian Government and unfavourable to the revolutionists."

"And you emerged?"

"With my prepossessions exactly reversed. Let me sketch you the history of some of the people whose fate helped me change my views."

Mr. Kennan ran through a batch of photographs, selecting one depicting a saddened woman.

"Here is Madame Phillipova. She was a schoolmistress."

"Not a very revolutionary class."

"And yet it was her intelligence and education that made her see the bondage of the people around her. She was made desperate by the state of matters, and threw in her lot with the revolutionary propagandists. Then she became a Terrorist."

"Is that worse than a revolutionary?"

"Well, it is different. A revolutionist in Russia recognises and obeys the rules of civilised warfare, but a Terrorist resorts to any measure that is likely to injure or intimidate adversaries. A Terrorist is, in fact, an embittered revolutionist."

"To what length did she go?"

"She actually summoned up the terrible courage to organise the

assassination of General Strélnikof, the prosecuting officer of the Crown in Southern Russia. His passionate hatred of political offenders carried him beyond the bounds not only of truth, but of reason. His cruelty to some young girls at last roused Madame Phillipova to have him shot in the Ocean Boulevard in Odessa. Condemned to death, she declined to ask for a commutation of the sentence, and she was sent to the Castle of Schüsselberg for life."

"Then, the malcontents are not ignorant ne'er-do-wells?"

"On the contrary, they come from the most intelligent class. Take the case of Basil Sukhomlín," continued Mr. Kennan, showing me the photograph, here reproduced, of an intelligent-looking young man in chains. "He was a graduate in technology, and was accused of having participated in the Lopatin conspiracy in 1884. What was his fate? To be sent to the mines for fifteen years. Here is his wife."

"But was she implicated?"

"Only inasmuch as she followed him voluntarily to the mines, and shared his fate."

"Was hers a common experience?"

"Quite common. Take the case of Madame Uspénskaya. She voluntarily accompanied her husband, who had been sent to the mines at Kará, with her little child. Her husband ultimately became despondent and hanged himself in his cell with towels. Madame Uspénskaya, by-the-way, once went to Tolstoï to solicit a contribution of money towards ameliorating the condition of the political prisoners at the mines, but she met with a decided refusal."

"Are these cases typical?" I asked.

"Of thousands more."

"Then, the reports of oppression in Russia and the sufferings of political convicts such as are printed in English and American newspapers are not exaggerated?"

"Not a bit. And, remember, we hear only of a tithe of them. The Russian Government has a check on all news from the country. Indeed, Russia is a grave, from which but few of the cries of suffering reach the living, outside world."

"Does not that act on Russian literature generally—on fiction, for instance?"

"Of course, it does. The literature is not a true reflex of the people and their aspirations."

"It is sombre enough, at any rate."

"That may be so, but it gives only a vague impression. It cannot deal with a certain class of social phenomena at all. A novelist, say, wishes to depict the life of the common peasants around him. But he cannot, for the censor puts his blue pencil through it. It must be suppressed. So, you see, the very thing that people want to write about this tyranny under which they groan—and, as I have said, it is the educated people, the class that would write, who resent it most bitterly—is the very last thing that they may picture in any shape or form. Thus, literature, to a great extent, is rendered null."

"Well, but isn't the whole campaign to which you have dedicated so many years a hopeless one?"

"Most certainly not. For example, the flogging of women has been abolished; the custom of chaining convicts to iron bars,



BASIL SUKHOMLÍN.

in gangs of six, is no longer practised; the punishment of running the gauntlet has been done away with; and, finally, the transportation of criminals to Eastern Siberia by sea, which is now becoming common, is a less barbarous method of dealing with them than marching them



MADAME PHILLIPOVA.

thousands of miles across a sub-Arctic wilderness. The improvement of Russian penal methods is slow, but there is some improvement."

"On the other hand," I interposed, "there is the present Russifying policy and the brutal way of carrying it out."

"That, however, is a policy of the present Czar himself."

"But isn't the whole system against which you are fighting his policy?"

"Yes; but it is so as part of his inheritance. You can't lay your finger on this Czar or that official, and throw all the blame upon him for the general oppressive system of stamping out free-thought in every possible direction. All that is a long-established policy."

"How about the present Jew-baiting mania? That doesn't seem to show that Russian tyranny is breaking down."

"The movement against the Jews is a complex one, arising partly from racial, partly from religious, and partly from economic biases. It is very largely bureaucratic."

"But can you effect a change in the whole Russian policy of vetoing liberty?"

"I alone? Certainly not; no one man can effect such a change, but we can all do something to educate public opinion."



MADAME SUKHOMLIN.

"Then, you don't anticipate the interference of any Government in the matter? How will this public opinion be manifested?"

"In a hundred different ways. In Russia itself every fresh aggression helps our cause. A knowledge of the cause of the evils from which he suffers will gradually come home to the poorest peasant. At present it acts most strongly on the educated classes."

"You think the tyranny of the system will help to cure itself?"

"It must do so. The restriction of personal liberty and the heavy taxes are slowly ruining the country. The class that pays taxes is becoming poorer and poorer, and less able to do so."

"But are not advances being made in developing the resources of the country—for example, in cotton cultivation?"

"Yes; under a high protective tariff. But this is really a bar to progress."

"Then, as a friend of the Russian, you are a Free Trader, while as an American citizen you are a Fair Trader?"

"Excuse me; though I am an American, I am not a believer in protective tariffs anywhere. It is a fallacious policy."

"You don't think it would be difficult to raise a revolution in Russia?"

"Far from it. If I were allowed free access to the people, I could organise a revolution in six months—that is," added Mr. Kennan, modestly, "I know how the ropes could be worked to precipitate a crisis."

"And outside Russia, how do you propose to stir up people to an interest in the sufferings of the Czar's subjects?"

"Don't you think that a knowledge of the state of matters," said Mr. Kennan, his dark, piercing eyes flashing, "appeals to every free-born citizen—to peoples like the Americans and the English?"



MADAME USPENSKAYA.

"In the abstract that should be so. But how do you get over the fact that your own country, notwithstanding all your labours, has agreed to the Extradition Treaty with Russia? Isn't that discouraging?"

"In one way it is; but you must remember that the adoption of the treaty was purely a political move, a Government policy. The American people, as a whole, were opposed to it, large meetings being held to protest against it."

"Does not the immigration question, which is troubling the United States so much, and against which there is such opposition, bias Americans against offering help to the Russians?"

"On the contrary, it is in reality a direct incentive to ameliorate the conditions of Russian life, and for this reason—if these conditions were better than they are people would be less ready to leave Russia to invade other countries. Or, if they did so, they would be more civilised than their present conditions permit them to be."

"Then, it is polite as well as philanthropic to help the Russian?"

"Yes, if you will have it so," said Mr. Kennan, who prefers to take the higher platform of disinterestedness.

I ventured to say I thought Mr. Kennan too sanguine.

"Ah! but we have resort to other means. You may boycott the Russian Government financially," he said. "Russia is terribly poor. It must ever be so under the present *régime*, since its natural resources lie unavailable, and the development of them is hampered by a bad tariff system. Russia must come to the world as a borrower, and the world can then help to break her tyrannical system by declining to lend."

"Then, you have no illusions as to the system being easily broken down?"

"Not in the slightest. The system is one of colossal proportions, and is of long growth, but it will be broken down ultimately."

"You will not give up the fight?"

"Oh, no. I am to lecture throughout this country next year."

"And do you intend to operate in Russia itself?"

"That is impossible," said Mr. Kennan. "I would never be permitted to cross the frontier again—not until Alexander III. is converted, and that is unlikely."

Mr. Kennan, at any rate, had converted me, and I should have liked to have more of his story, which he has a most fascinating way of telling. But I had not the effrontery to keep him longer from breakfast,

J. M. B.

THE QUEEN'S CHAMPION.

The death of Mr. Francis Seaman Dymoke, hereditary Queen's Champion, is an historical event, although he never performed the duties of the office. The last acting Champion, Sir Henry Dymoke, was at the coronation of King George IV. in 1821, and at the last two coronations, William IV. and Queen Victoria, the ceremony was dispensed with.

In this connection it is interesting to recall one or two facts. Mr. Thomas Hood had been appointed sub-editor of the *London Magazine* early in 1821, and soon gave evidence of his peculiar talent for comic versifying, for in the number for September (soon after the Coronation), in the "Notices to Correspondents," we read: "We really cannot think of inserting such verses as the following"—and then "the following," referring to the Champion of the Coronation, are inserted—

THE CHAMPION'S FAREWELL.

Otium cum Dignitate.

Here, bring me my breeches, my armour is over;
Farewell for some time to my tin pantaloons:
Double-milled kerseymere is a kind of leg clover.
Good luck to broad cloth for a score or two moons.

Here, hang up my helmet, and reach me my beaver,
This avoirdupois weight of glory must fall:
I think, 'on my life, that again I shall never
Take my head in a saucepan to Westminster Hall.

Oh, why was our family born to be martial?
'Tis a meray this grand show-of-fight day is up.
I do not think Cato was over-much partial
To back through the dishes with me and my cup.

By the blood of the Dymokes, I'll sit in my lodging,
And the gauntlet resign for "neat gentleman's doe".
If I ride I will ride, and no longer be dodging
My horse's own tail 'twixt Duke, Marquis, and Co.

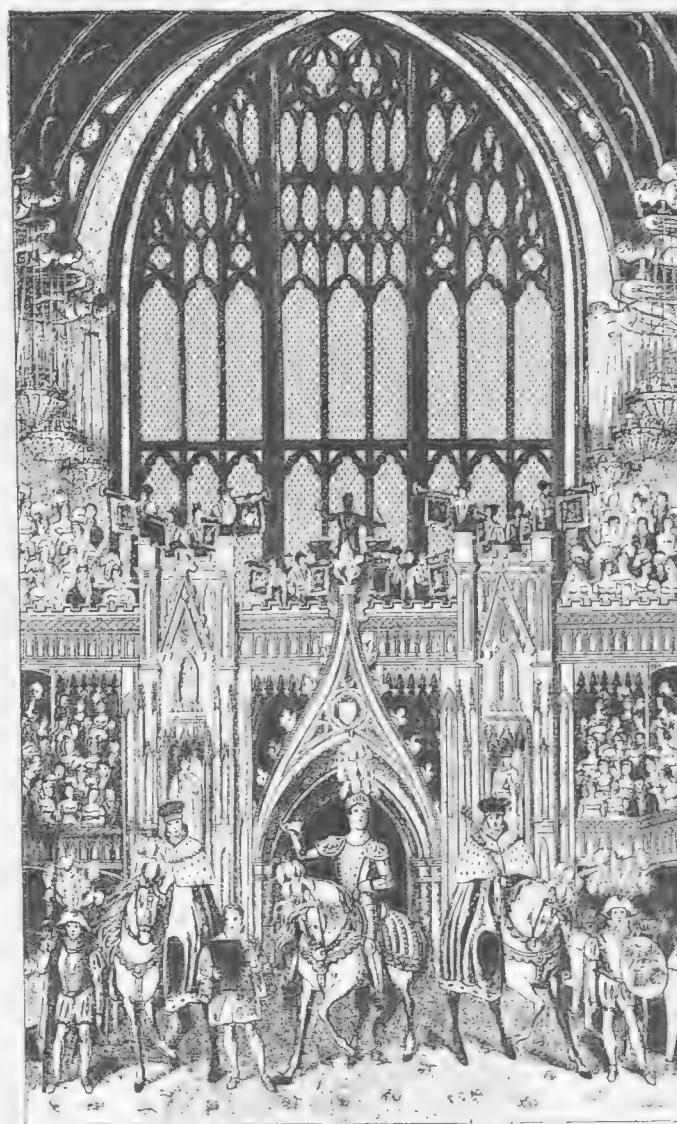
No more at my horsemanship folks shall make merry,
For I'll ship man and horse, and "show off"—not on shore;
No funnies for me! I will ride in a wherry;
They feathered my skull, but I'll feather my oar.

So Thomas, take Cato, and put on his halter,
And give him some beans, since I now am at peace;
If a champion is wanted, pray go to Sir Walter,
And he'll let you out Marmions at sovereigns apiece.

The ladies admired the old piebald nag vastly,
And clapp'd his old sober sides into the street.
Here's a cheque upon Child, so, my man, go to Astley,
Pay the charge of the charger, and bring a receipt.

The allusion in the sixth verse to the Marmions is this: they were the original champions, holding office from William the Conqueror to the fifth Baron Marmion; then, in default of male heir, the office came to the Dymoke family by marriage.

There can be no doubt that the above verses were written by Thomas Hood. The intrinsic evidence is sufficient, but we have other and more positive proof. In 1825 Mr. Hood published "Odes and Addresses to Great People," a book which Coleridge attributed to Charles Lamb. See the poet's letter in "Hood's Own," page 561, and among the addresses



THE ENTRANCE OF THE CHAMPION, WITH THE CEREMONY OF THE CHALLENGE.

is one to Mr. Dymoke, with sixteen verses instead of the seven above; so the latter was the second, enlarged and improved edition, and, instead of Mr. Dymoke addressing his valet as in the first verse, Mr. Hood talks to the Champion himself in the second verse, but the sentiments are similar. Here are a few specimens—

Have you sent back to Astley the war-horse you hired,
With a cheque upon Chambers to settle the fare?
How defunct was the show that was chivalry's mimic,
The breastplate, the feathers, the gallant array!
So fades, so grows dim, and so dies
Mr. Dymoke,
The day of brass breeches, as Wordsworth would say.
Yet strange was the course which the good Cato bore
When he waddled, tail-wise, with his cap to his stall;
For tho' his departure was at the front door,
Still, he went the back way out of Westminster Hall.

In the second edition of the "Odes" Mr. Hood says: "The verses to the Champion of England are declared irreverent, but they were really written as an affectionate inquiry after a great and reverend warrior, 'taking his rest in rural retirement'—namely, at Serivelsby Court, near Horncastle, Lincolnshire."

Alas! in 1832, little more than seven years after these good wishes, the great magician himself was dead. Coleridge died in 1834, Lamb a few months after, and in 1845 Hood died also; but it is pleasant to have to refer back to the meetings of those great and good men—Sir Walter Scott, Coleridge, Charles Lamb, and Hood.

W. P.



THE INTERIOR OF WESTMINSTER HALL: THE KING, QUEEN, AND COURT AT DINNER.

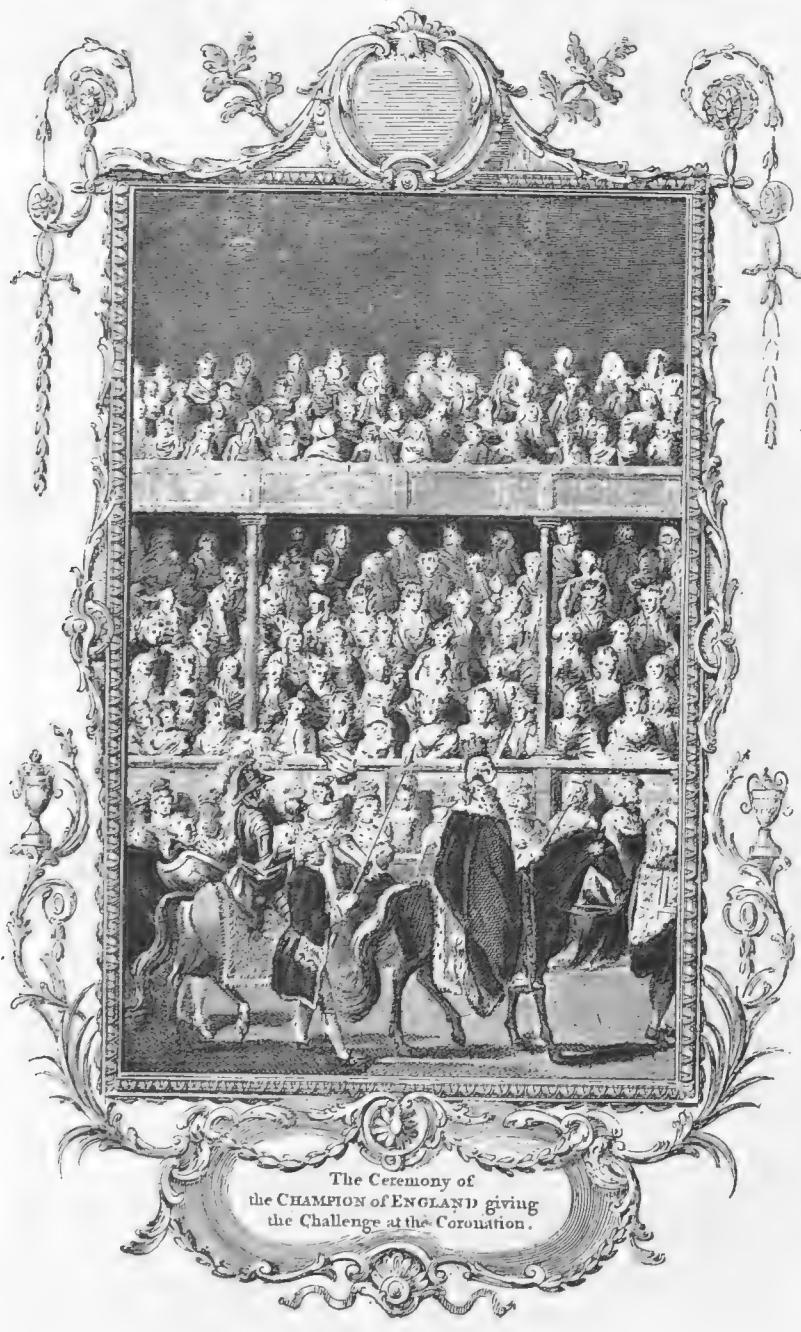
THE CHAMPION PERFORMING THE CEREMONY OF THE CHALLENGE.



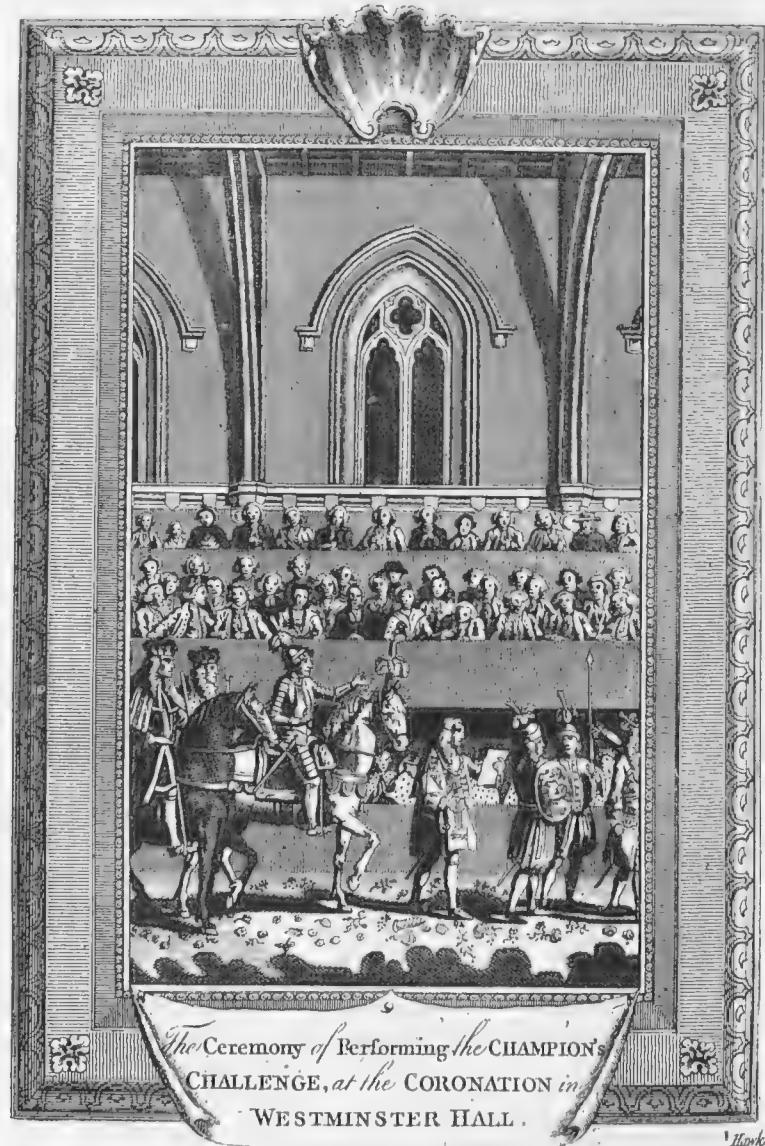
THE ROYAL CHAMPION OF ENGLAND THROWING DOWN THE GAUNTLET.



DRINKING THE SOVEREIGN'S HEALTH.



The Ceremony of
the CHAMPION OF ENGLAND giving
the Challenge at the Coronation.



The Ceremony of Performing the CHAMPION'S
CHALLENGE, at the CORONATION in
WESTMINSTER HALL.

THE JUNIORS.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

What an utterly reprehensible and much-to-be-deplored failing is that of jealousy, the green-eyed monster who destroys our peace of mind and makes life, in the words of our immortal poet, a "dreary dessit!" I fell across a melancholy illustration of its bad effects in the case of two favourite kittens only last week, and forthwith made up my mind to tell you all the sad facts, and leave you to draw the moral from this over-true story of—

FLU-FLU AND COUCONS.

Honest Farmer Hodge had a wonderfully energetic cat—Flossie they called her—who furnished all the houses within half-a-dozen miles with



small tabbies. Two month-old pussies, which Hodge specially cherished, were one fine day packed in a basket on some soft, sweet hay and sent up to the Manor House, as a present to the little Lady Geraldine.

"Oh, what dear fluffy angels!" said their small new mistress, rapturously. "We must have them baptised at once. Bring some cowslip wine, and say what we shall call them, Toinette."

Toinette was a French maid with an imagination, and, having assisted at the christening of various household pets of her little lady's, had a large stock of names on hand, so two were selected which figure as the opening words of this little story, and the baby cats solemnly baptised. I regret to say that my two heroines soon forgot their country relations and former humble surroundings. They rapidly developed a strong taste for luxurious living and vanities of all kinds, giving far too much time to matters of the toilette, which in great part consisted of lieking. A favourite amusement of theirs, too, was squatting on Lady Geraldine's dressing-table, where the looking-glass reflected their black and tortoise-shell beauty to great advantage.

Shortly after the kitties' arrival a Major Jones came to stay at the Manor, bringing with him a great bouncing Newfoundland dog, who answered to the name of Jumbo. That same Jumbo was a wicked and artful dog, to be sure, and at once began laying siege to the untried affections of the pretty sisters. Sometimes he would appear utterly smitten with Miss Flu-Flu's tortoise-shell charms, leaving poor Coucons to weep out the salt tears of her jealous anger alone. Next day his devotion would be lavished on Coucon's ebony graces, to the rage and disgust of her sister.

But Jumbo was a gay deceiver. "How happy could I be with either," he would bark, "were t' other dear charmer away!" Only t' other wasn't, so there came gradually a serious breach of the peace between these unhappy kittens on his account. They only avoided each other politely for the first few days, but after that things reached another stage, I regret to say, and fur began to fly when little Lady Geraldine was not there to keep the peace.

"What can have happened to my pretty pets," she said one day, "they look so badly, Toinette? Flu-Flu has got such a big scratch along her poor little pink nose, and just look at Coucon's left eye—it's nearly closed up."

Then Toinette told all about Jumbo's heartless flirtations and the embittered relations his "goings on" had caused between the unhappy pair. Little Lady Geraldine was very angry. "He shall go off this very day," she said; "I'll ask Major Jones to be so kind as to send him away after lunch." The Major promised to whack Jumbo, too, if necessary; but this was not allowed. It was thought banishment would be quite punishment enough. Our canine Lothario met Flu-Flu in the hall as he went out with the Major's servant, and gave her a melting look as he barked that she was "the only kitten he ever loved."

Coucons was not very far off, and he stopped to say exactly the same pretty things to her. "Well, at all events, he liked *me* best," she said afterwards; "he told me so."

"Oh, but you don't know what he said to *me*," answered her sister, with a toss of her little head.

This led to some bitter speeches, and not a few scratches, followed up by a battle royal, in which Flu-Flu's tail was nearly bitten off, and Coucons got two lovely black eyes which lasted a fortnight.

"I am shocked at this naughty conduct," their little mistress said severely, when she heard what had happened. "You must both go away, I see, as well as Jumbo. Toinette, separate those bad-tempered, quarrelsome kittens. One will be sent to the gardener's cottage and the other I will give to the cook. But she must send her away from here at once."

Next day Farmer Hodge's little daughter, Barbara, brought a new kitten, which was warranted good-tempered, to Lady Geraldine, in the place of her two disgraced pets. And the last I heard of them was that they grew into confirmed old maids, hating the very name of dog, particularly Newfoundlands, and that each told a story which attributed their fall in the social scale and loss of position generally to an early and misplaced affection, which had been nipped in the bud through the jealous rage of "another."



LETTERS FROM COLONIAL COUSINS.

THE CONVICT HULK "SUCCESS."

SYDNEY, May 1.

To those who might feel at all interested in the early convict system of the Colonies a visit to the Success will excite considerable emotion. This hulk, over a hundred years old, one of the fleet of "ocean hells," as they were termed at that time, has been lifted out of the sea, where



THE OLD CONVICT HULK SUCCESS.

she has lain for years hiding her awful degradation, and, although somewhat altered in appearance, presents to the curious in such matters much that is interesting concerning those dark days.

The Success, at first a trading vessel, and afterwards an emigrant ship, was, during the great gold rush in Victoria, when the increase of crime and the influx of the criminal population from our neighbouring islands demanded further prison accommodation, turned into a jail. A company has recently been formed, and the old ship has been put together in such a way that will enable her to voyage to Chicago for exhibition there, and afterwards to all the principal ports of the world. The Success may be said to be a link connecting the present with the past crime of Australia and England; for, although these scoundrels have left a spot on our Australian history too black to be easily eradicated, we must not forget that they at one time formed part of the population of fair England. Within this floating jail will be found evidences of its awful career, and what heartrending tales those cells could tell were they able to speak—such tales as would make the stoutest heart shudder. The whole of the refractory or punishment cells were dark—not the smallest slit to let in a ray of light; with the door closed, it must have been an awful blackness. A terrible place—where men were doomed to pass hours and even days; chained down, too, by the wrists to a ring-bolt—chained in such a way that they could neither lie down nor stand up—immured here as closely as in a living tomb, for the cells are only a couple of feet square. So well did this ship serve its purpose that no escape was ever made from her. It does not always require stone walls to make a prison, and the teak timbers of the Success were impregnable to the most desperate among those misguided wretches who at different times were guarded aboard her. The story told by one who still remembers its awful horrors is too horrible to realise fully. Hundreds of men in prison garb, manacled from ankle to waist, clean-shaven and with their hair close cropped, must have presented a most repulsive sight. Like a lot of human wolves, they were chained to prevent them from flying at their fellow-men. In some instances these leg-chains weighed forty pounds, and a large iron ball, weighing some hundreds of pounds, used to be attached to these miserable creatures so that they might not move. There is no doubt that many of the convicts on board were more like wild beasts than human beings, and it was necessary to place them in irons and break their spirits, so that they might become more tractable; but when one realises the life they must have lived in this dreadful hulk one can but wonder why the awfulness of it did not drive them mad. Then came the stories of the bushrangers—the "merry men" who had a fine time of it for a couple of years, keeping the whole country in a state of excitement, "sticking up" farms, stations, coaches and travellers—in fact, they were a terror to the whole country. The guide or showman tells a story in connection with one of these men—the greatest desperado of the lot—that has been told me by the lady to whom it occurred. Morgan, as the man was called, for whom the sum of £1500 was offered, dead or alive, "stuck up" a certain station (as the large sheep farms are called here), ordered a sumptuous dinner, and commanded the ladies of the house to sing and play for him—all this at the "mouth of the pistol," as it were. Armed to the teeth, as Morgan was, and with the reputation of never stopping at anything—man, woman, or child he would unhesitatingly kill if they thwarted his purpose—

it is no wonder all hands had to bend to his will. How was the alarm to be raised; how send notice to the nearest police? While Morgan was indulging his caprices in the drawing-room, making the ladies amuse him while he ate his dinner, and the dear old mother sat in one corner of the room trying to hide her husband's cash-box, a brave young servant-maid managed to slip off through the bush, and before Morgan knew where he was he was surrounded by the police, and with a steady aim one of them felled the wretch to the ground as he had shot so many others. Curiously enough, among the Success convicts was a man called Harry Power, who, after serving several long sentences in prison, the last one being for fifteen years, was engaged as showman to the Success when she was first exhibited, a few years ago, in Melbourne. Power was then a fine, hale old man, who talked freely about his bushranging life. His career was a most interesting one. He escaped from Tasmania as long ago as 1848, and soon after landed in Victoria, where he commenced his "profession," but was quickly seized and sent on board the Success. Power was, as a rule, a well-behaved convict, and was released at the end of his sentence, but he was not long free before he was again condemned to another eight years in a Beechworth jail. This time he managed to escape, and for a couple of years he kept the country in a state of alarm. It is estimated that he "stuck up" no fewer than 114 persons during that time, but, like Claude Duval, he was especially polite to women and never used violence even to men. Many stories are told of his consideration to women, which served him well during his last long sentence, for two ladies to whom he had shown courtesy at one time induced the Government to release him a few years earlier than he had been sentenced for, and offered to provide a home for him in his declining years. It would require a book to tell the whole history of the convict hulk Success, and I have only space for a few of the awful facts concerning it. Looking at our fair country to-day, full of peace and prosperity, it is difficult to realise that the felon's irons once sounded across the bay, and that for a long time the Success, even to-day with us, contained within her wooden walls the essence of all the rascaldom and villainy of the Southern Hemisphere.

It is not surprising that many of us wish that she had remained at the bottom of the sea, where twice she sank, as if determined to obliterate herself and the memories of her past existence. But on two occasions she has been drawn from her watery grave, and this old relic of the past has become the "sight" of the colony. A curio—interesting, indeed; but her weather-worn face and draggled appearance tell us too plainly that she belonged to another age than ours. She has lived her life, done the duty allotted to her; pity it is she cannot be left in peace. S. D.



A CHINAMAN.
(From Phil May's *Australian Sketch-Book*.)

A CLEVER FAMILY.

AN HOUR WITH THE FIELD-FISHERS.

There is a tradition, which is in most cases a fact, that beauty and brains are not to be sought for in the same person—rarely in the same family. But Dame Nature, in an occasional moment of caprice, throws all the best gifts in her basket in one direction, perchance just to confound the



Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

THE FIELD-FISHER QUARTET.

philosophers who think they know all her ways. She doesn't break out often in this manner, the "Mighty Mother," but an afternoon spent with the Field-Fisher family will convince you that here is a case in point.

And this gifted generation of English youth, with the faces of flowers and the voices of nightingales, have the prettiest, daintiest cage of Queen Anne architecture in that suburb sacred to the musical and dramatic professions, Bedford Park. Round the shrine of the "cup that cheers" I discovered them on one of these bright days, and after the mystic ceremony was over I prevailed upon Miss Marjorie Field-Fisher, the eldest of the family and the leader of the famous quartet, to exercise her rich voice in "Adieu, Marie," for my benefit. After that a graceful minuet, danced by Miss Evelyn and Master Eric, transported me back into an atmosphere of old-world elegance, when the quartet,



Photo by W. Davey, James Street, Harrogate.

MISS MARJORIE FIELD-FISHER.

consisting of the three aforesaid, with the addition of Mr. Alfred, brought me up-to-date again with a comic selection from "The Mountebanks." Then I turned to Mrs. Field-Fisher and asked her to tell me why it was that her children had all turned out prodigies, when other people had to be content with one as a special and particular luxury.

"Well, I can't tell you why it is," she answered, smiling; "but I may be able to let you know how it all came about. Cambridge saw the actual beginning of it, for my husband belongs to an old Cambridgeshire family, his father being Deputy-Lieutenant, High Sheriff, and County Treasurer, and while at the University he was a member of the A.D.C. [abrupt exit of Mr. Field-Fisher]. However, as he doesn't like being talked about, we will go on to the children, who first figured in public about four years ago, when we had moved to Bedford Park."

"And that occasion?"

"Was at our little local theatre, where some pretty little plays were performed in aid of a charity. After that they became quite absorbed in music, and thought as much of their different instruments as most children do of their dolls. Then they acquired such proficiency, and were always being asked to play for charities, that I decided to comply with a suggestion made to me by Messrs. Mitchell, of Bond Street, and allow them to carry on their entertainment professionally."

"Variety seems to be a feature of that," I remarked, after glancing at one of the Field-Fisher programmes, which seemed to comprise an entire concert.

"Yes, that has always been our first aim—a quick succession of bright items."

Variety is charming, but also a little confusing, so I appealed to the queen of the quartet to enlighten me about her part of the entertainment.

"I am a vocalist chiefly," replied Miss Marjorie. "My voice was trained at the Guildhall School of Music and finished by Mr. Neville



Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

MISS EVELYN FIELD-FISHER.

Hughes. For a time I took up regular theatrical work, and was at the Lyric Theatre during the run of 'La Cigale' and 'The Mountebanks.' There I understudied both Ultrice and Marton, and played the former rôle on the hundredth night, owing to Miss Lucille Saunders' illness. Subsequently, however, our numerous 'At Home' engagements have obliged me to relinquish the stage."

Miss Evelyn, as I have already stated, is a skirt dancer, and, in spite of her youth, has all the grace and distinction of a practised terpsichorean. Mr. Alfred Field-Fisher's humorous recitations make popular digressions in the musical programme, and Master Eric takes the palm as a mandolinist. Nor must the youngest member of this remarkable family be forgotten, who rejoices in the poetic name of Caryl and in the dignity of about six summers. His career commenced with Miss Norreys in "A Doll's House," and he also appeared at a matinée of "Leah," given by Madame du Barry at the Princess's. Mrs. Oscar Beringer's play, called "Bess," soon to see the light in London, will afford this precocious little man another opportunity of winning his way to the heart of the public. On my inquiring whether the quartet had ever penetrated the provinces, Mr. Field-Fisher, who had re-entered the room, replied—

"Oh, yes. We had a most successful tour in the West of England in the first months of the year. Our greatest triumph was at Plymouth, where we performed at Lady Harrison's. The Duke of Edinburgh, who honoured the occasion with his presence, was so pleased that we gave a second performance in the same week, besides which the quartet gave their performance on several of the men-of-war lying off Plymouth."

"Don't you find touring very exhausting work?"

"Well, it is, rather," was the answer. "In one week the quartet travelled one thousand miles; but now they have so many engagements in London that we shall stay here till August, when a visit to Dublin is in contemplation."

Then Miss Evelyn told me about all her friends in lunatic asylums and institutes, much to my perplexity, until Mr. Field-Fisher came to my



Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

MR. ALFRED FIELD-FISHER.

rescue by explaining that his little company had performed at eleven asylums during one month, the inmates of which have sometimes curious ways of expressing their admiration. One old lady at Canterbury Asylum



Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

MASTER ERIC FIELD-FISHER.

always presents the little dancer with an imaginary cheque for £60,000, which all admirers of the Field-Fisher Quartet will regard as a happy omen of long-drawn-out success.

R. D.

THE MODISH PARK DAMSEL.

Of the manufacture of types, as of the making of books, there is practically no end. The typical soldier, the typical sailor, the typical butcher, the typical baker, the typical candlestick-maker—all these possess their respective equivalents in literature. They are become as familiar to us, as trite as the very volumes that contain them, and modern enterprise, like Oliver, loudly clamours for more.

Of course, all types, human or otherwise, are simply caricatures, more or less humorously conceived, of the various atoms that constitute society. Nobody, I apprehend, supposes that the typical policeman, as we find him depicted in nursery picture-books or limned in kitchen-maids' folk-lore, is one whit more truly characteristic of "Robert" as a class than, say, one particular butcher-boy is really representative of the whole tribe of butcher-boys in general. It is obvious that there are many policemen and that there are many butcher-boys; it is no less demonstrable to reason, however, that all butcher-boys are not alike, nor are all policemen—fortunately for the cook's peace of mind—cast in the same blue mould. Similarly with the type of modish young lady that haunts the Park about this time of year. There are hundreds of them to be seen in the Row on a fine afternoon in the season. They emerge from Mayfair like cockroaches from the crevices of a kitchener on a warm summer's evening. Nevertheless, they are not all precisely alike. Considered, however, as a whole, they undoubtedly possess certain features and habits in common, which enterprise has no sooner discovered and made a note of than it proceeds to formulate into a type. The typical modish damsel, then, must be regarded, like all other types, ancient or modern, merely as the ultimate embodiment of certain recognised characteristics, and as such she affords excellent material for "copy." In the first place, the modish Park damsel possesses in an eminent degree that essential requisite to worldly wisdom, the faculty of knowing how to dress—that is to say, she dresses well. When, however, we have admitted that she dresses well we have practically exhausted the catalogue of her merits, for the more expensive and "smarter" the bonnet the more feeble and empty the head to which it is supposed to afford a protection. On the whole, it is not too much to affirm that "inanities and banalities" are to the modish young woman what sleep is to the weary and alcohol to the tippler; in other words, she positively could not subsist without them. Possessing a range of intellect which, according to the most exaggerated estimates, is bounded by coffee-house babble on the one side and fenced by the "Peerage" and the "Red Book" on the other, is it so very astonishing, after all, that she should lack the faculty of speech and seek refuge from exposure in gibberish? What she lacks, however, in respect of the matter is abundantly supplied out of the violence, if I may be permitted the expression, of her discourse. To see a group of modish maidens, with their attendant schoolboys—for such their speech proclaims them to be—holding high council in the middle of a gateway or boisterously obstructing the pathway—judging from the amount of laughter evoked, you would certainly imagine that that charmed circle was being made the birth-spot of some remarkable piece of witticism or, at least, some amusing expression. Approach nearer, and dissipate the pleasing impression. Their talk is merely of an acquaintance: he has lately lost a dear relative, and is, therefore, a fit topic for merriment.

As the common term "loud and vulgar" is employed only to express disapprobation of some particular person or thing, so is it the only one suitable to apply to the conduct of some young ladies in the Park. Anyone who has observed the movements of an ostrich cannot fail to have been struck by the extraordinary resemblance existing between the ungainly motions of that bird and the graceless gyrations of our damsels. If they had positively set themselves to imitate the movements of ostriches, they could not have furnished in their own persons more successful examples of mimicry. In both damsel and ostrich we recognise the same artificial manner of walking; the same foolish habit of darting hither and thither at a high rate of speed, and without the slightest idea of a destination; the same inexhaustible fund of "fussiness" and egregious air of importance; and, lastly, the same silly trick of covering up their heads under pretence of concealing the rest of their persons.

Why is it, I may, perhaps, be permitted to ask in conclusion, that the smart woman in the Park is infinitely more disagreeable and annoying than the smart woman otherwise circumstanced? The answer to this simple question probably lies in the circumstance that Rotten Row is free to all, and that the regulations that obtain therein, having regard to the preservation of order, do not take cognisance of anything so frivolous as the commission of breaches of the peace by the polite.

Wherever one goes—even if one travels to the uttermost parts of the earth—the smart woman is there also, writing a novel, or, it may be, civilising the natives. Sad as it may seem, there is really no escaping her. Of what use is it, then, to "cut" her at balls and to avoid her at picnics, if upon passing into the Park of a morning you are boisterously saluted as an acquaintance? It is this wholly regrettable circumstance, to remedy which no measures, how drastic and desperate soever they may be, should be entirely neglected, that has inspired the present complaint.

S. E.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Notwithstanding some rumours to the contrary, I am able to state that Miss Olive Schreiner has brought an important manuscript with her from South Africa, and it is now in the hands of a literary agent. It may not be altogether quite recently written, for, though Miss Schreiner has published so little since the "Story of an African Farm," her pen has not been idle. She is justifiably anxious to maintain the reputation which she acquired at a stroke.

Mr. W. B. Yeats, the young Irish poet, has several new books on hand. The first to be published will probably be called "Country Twilight," and will contain stories told by rustic folks of strange appearances and the like. Mr. Yeats is well known to have been a diligent collector of such tales. The next will probably be a book of short stories. Some of them have already appeared in weekly papers.

Mr. Edwin J. Ellis, who collaborated with Mr. Yeats in the magnificent edition of Blake, will immediately publish through Mr. Quaritch a long poem, illustrated by himself. I have had the pleasure of looking over the illustrations, some of which are very noteworthy.

It is not likely that there were many subscribers in this country to the American magazine called the *Writer*. Such of them as paid in advance must have been somewhat indignant at the apparent collapse of that little paper and the non-restitution of their money. They were surprised to receive two new numbers lately with the intimation that the editor had been occupied with other work, and so for something like a year had chosen to intermit his labour.

Professor W. M. Ramsay, whose "Church in the Roman Empire" has attracted so much attention, is engaged on a great work on Asia Minor, which will be published by the Clarendon Press, Oxford. It will be some time before Mr. Ramsay can complete such a monumental production. He contemplates a visit to the East for purposes of exploration, which may possibly extend over a longer period than any of his previous journeys.

There was a circumstantial rumour afloat in the literary clubs last week that a certain well-known journal had issued its last number, and not a few of the contributors were seriously alarmed. I understand that there was no foundation whatever for the story.

Probably a good many people have read in French—at least, they have had abundant opportunity—the famous letters of that unhappy Portuguese nun, Marianna Alcoforado, who was wooed and deceived by Chamilly, one of Schomberg's French soldiers, and who pursued her faithless lover with vehement correspondence in the vain hope of touching his heart. Long ago they were fashionable reading in England, and now Mr. Prestage has reprinted the French version, given a good new translation for English readers, and written an interesting introduction, in which he tells at length Marianna's sad story (Nutt).

The letters are certainly worth knowing—not as literature, but as human documents. Perhaps, never was strength of passion joined to waywardness and contradictoriness of feeling so closely reflected. They are written without meditation, straight out of a heart in which tenderness and thirst for vengeance and yearning for affection kept bubbling up almost simultaneously.

In "The Red Sultan" (Chatto) Mr. McLaren Cobban has attempted to combine a novel of adventures with a study of character. He has by no means failed. But there is something to be got over, first of all, before the story can be enjoyed. The Scots that are so plentifully strewed along the paths in Barbary, especially the canny young doctor from Aberdeen, who wanders up and down Barbary in search of the proofs of his grandfather's death, so that he may take possession of his title and the Perthshire estates, strike one as more comic than amusing. But the story is a good one, though the incidents are a little disjointed. And Mr. Cobban has been altogether successful in securing the reader's interest in Muley el Yazeed, the Red Sultan, with his complicated nature, the Irish and the Moorish drops of blood in his veins struggling perpetually, till Moorish cruelty and fanaticism gain the upper hand in his day of power and opportunity.

The heroines that Mrs. Norman (Miss Menie Muriel Dowie) has chosen to fill her volume of "Women Adventurers" (Unwin) are all such as loved to masquerade in manly attire and to perform striking feats of arms. There have been other kinds of adventure open to women, but the editor's choice is, at least, a piquant one.

Madame Velasquez (Harry Buford, First Lieutenant, Independent Scouts, C.S.A.); Hannah Snell, who, as James Gray, distinguished herself at the siege of Pondicherry; Mary Talbot, wounded in action under Lord Howe; Mrs. Christian Davies, one of Marlborough's dragoons, are all picturesque figures, and their exploits lose nothing in colour and effect from being told by themselves. They were mostly wild and roistering characters, but there is unquestionable romance about them, even about the dragoon, who later in life had to sell "farthing pies and strong liquor" in Westminster for a living. Mrs. Norman's introduction is both sensible and vivacious.

O. O.

ALL ABROAD.

A pathetic interest was given to this year's meeting of the Suez Canal Company in Paris from the fact that its maker, M. de Lesseps, was for the first time absent. The meeting was not allowed to pass without an attack on this country. The report proposed, among other things, the election of M. Waddington as a director. The Defence Committee nominated in opposition M. Delort de Gléon, a mining engineer, formerly resident in Egypt. The latter commented on M. Waddington's English extraction and his long absence in England, maintaining that a thorough Frenchman should be chosen and not a retired politician. But M. Waddington won the day with 1122 votes against 700 given for M. de Gléon.

This "France for the French" policy grows steadily. The foreign money-spinner in France is to have a bad time of it if the Deputy for Nancy has his way. While the alien money-spender is to get off scot free, it is proposed to tax employers who employ foreign workmen at the rate of ten per cent. on the wages paid, and to exclude all aliens from employment on national or military work.

On the principle of the more enemies the more honour, Count Herbert Bismarck, if we are to believe the *Times* Berlin correspondent, may well claim a high rank among his countrymen, for it has scarcely ever been the privilege of a public man to have so few friends, especially among those who have been brought into the closest contact with him. "When the full history of Prince Bismarck's fall comes to be written, Count Herbert's share in rendering it inevitable will form by no means the least interesting chapter."

The opinion of Count Kalnoky, the Foreign Minister of Austria, as to the possibility of a general disarmament has occasioned much discussion on the Continent. Though, he says, Austro-Hungary must maintain her army in view of the existing conditions, still the feeling has gained ground that if war does break out it will not be in Austria. The general confidence in the maintenance of peace has been strengthened by Count Kalnoky's statements.

Our dairy farmers should bestir themselves when they read the Board of Agriculture reports on dairy farming in Denmark, Sweden, and Germany. During the last decade the imports of Danish butter into this country have risen nearly threefold, while those from Sweden are even in a greater ratio.

Leipzig has been celebrating the two-hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of its opera house. Only a few weeks ago the jubilee of its Conservatorium, which was founded by Mendelssohn, was observed. Among other notable Continental anniversaries just celebrated has been that of the battle of Lippa, in 1420, when the Hussites were defeated by the Bohemian nobility.

The first example of importing foreign grain into Russia has been set by a Libau milling firm, which has contracted to take 300,000 poods of wheat monthly for a year from a firm in Königsberg, because it is cheaper than the wheat grown in Southern Russia. Light railways are wanted to make Southern Russia profitable. It is proposed, by-the-way, to extend the Trans-Caspian railway to Tashkent and Ferghana. A very comprehensive work on Russian industries is being prepared by the Department for the Promotion of Russian Commerce and Manufactures for the Chicago Exhibition.

Peter the Great used to cast church bells into cannons. The process is now being reversed by the Orthodox Church in Russia.

America has a financial problem to settle which weighs heavily on the President's mind. He thinks the time has now come when Congress will be called on to deal with the merits of a financial policy which obliges the American Treasury to purchase idle silver bullion with gold taken from the reserve. The timidity of capital, he says, is painfully apparent, and fear and apprehension may bring suffering to every humble home. The symptoms of panic at Chicago give more than usual point to this contention.

Nicaragua has settled down again to peace and quietness under the new Government. How long peace is likely to hold the fort is a little doubtful. An attack by the soldiers on the police has since occurred in one town.

Baron Hirsch's Hebrew colony in the Argentine Republic was in a very bad state before Lieutenant-Colonel Goldsmid, of the Army Reserve, went out to organise it. He had to draft off the unfit, some back to Europe and some to North America. Whether the colony will be a success remains to be seen, but he is going back to complete the whole scheme.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor begs to inform correspondents that so many stories and articles have already reached him that his stock is sufficient to last for many months. Any other MSS. are, therefore, unnecessary.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

Cricket is not only a game proverbially full of surprises, but also of sensations as wild and acute as anything that takes place in dreams. Cricket is the only game in which the impossible is possible. Everything is going against a team; they are bound to lose; nothing can save them, when, heigh ho! the last batsman goes in—a man who never could bat, and never will make a batsman, but, for this time only, he makes runs, and saves his side.

Is this mere theorising? Let us take an instance. Playing against Gloucestershire, the other day, Surrey had lost nine wickets for 75 runs. Richardson, the bowler, goes in as last man, and, of course,

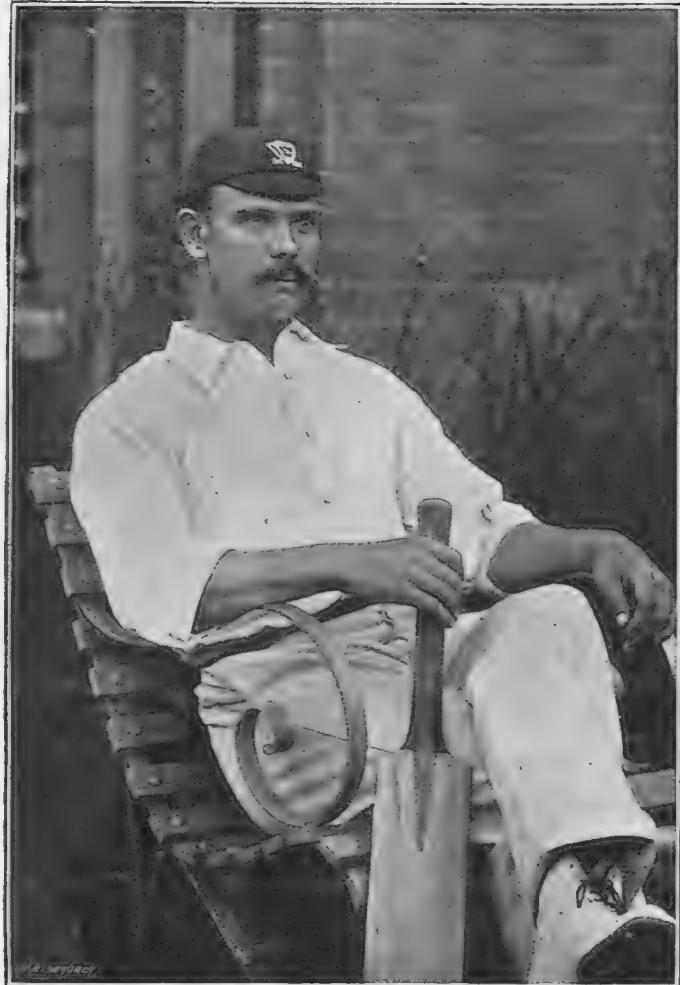


Photo by R. Thomas, Cheapside.
W. BEAN.

he will be out with the first, second, or third ball he receives. You see, he is only a bowler, and it is absurd to expect him to make runs. What happens? The young Surrey trundler, who is a tall, strapping, young giant of twenty-two, lays about him with the willow, and in less than no time, along with Brockwell, has put on 105 runs—or more than all the rest of the wickets put together. Richardson's share was 69. This fixture should be known as Richardson's match, for, in addition to his sensational batting feats, he performed the hat trick, and altogether took eleven wickets for 77.

Surrey's luck followed them to Cambridge, where they played the University. Up to a certain point matters went badly for the champions, and when Cambridge were asked to get 198 runs to win the task, on the run-getting wicket, seemed a comparatively easy one. No, it was not Richardson this time; it was Lockwood—Lockwood, who has been lying low for some weeks. Richardson could only get a couple of wickets for 55 runs in this innings, while Lockwood performed the hat trick, and captured eight for 33. Surrey won by 102.

When the Australians do go in for tall scoring, they make no mistake about it. In their return match with Yorkshire the Cornstalks knocked up 470 for one innings. Giffen contributed 171 as his portion. Now, it is sometimes a mistake to make too big a score. When Giffen made his big innings of 186 against Gloucester the match ended in a draw, because it could not be finished in the three days at the disposal of the teams. Similarly against Yorkshire—although, had the Cornstalks taken advantage of the chances that were offered them, they might have won with something to spare. Up to date the Australians have not performed prodigies of valour in the field—indeed, their fielding has, in some instances, almost been as bad as, say, that of Middlesex against Notts.

Which reminds me. Middlesex did beat Notts by 57 runs almost in spite of themselves. It was an exciting match, and it may almost be said that Middlesex won by ten minutes, for the hands of the clock pointed

to 6.20 when the last man on the Notts side was out. This match will long be remembered for the extraordinary batting of A. E. Stoddart in each innings. He played right through the first innings, from start to finish, and when all the crack bowlers of Nottingham—Attewell, Shacklock, Mee, Barnes, Flowers, Dixon, and Daft—had done their best and their worst, there stood Stoddart fresh and smiling at the dreadful close, with 195 runs to his credit, without losing his wicket.

That in itself was an effort which would rank among the historical feats of the game, but when he followed it up in the second innings with a score of 124 he equalled what only two men had previously done in first-class cricket. In addition to Stoddart, W. G. Grace and George Brann are the only other cricketers who have twice scored over a hundred in one match. What a glorious thing must it be for a man like Stoddart to stand at the wicket all day and hurl defiance at the best bowlers in England! As an Oxford poet once said, in the style of Walt Whitman—

To take your stand at the wicket in a posture of haughty defiance,
To confront a superior bowler as he confronts you,
To feel the glow of ambition your own and that of your side,
To be aware of shapes hovering, bending, watching around—white flannel shapes—all eager, unable to catch you or bowl you!

The perfect feel of a "fourer"!
The hurrying to and fro between the wickets, the marvellous quickness of all the fields;
The cut, leg hit, forward drive—all admirable in their way;
The superciliousness of standing still in your ground, content and masterful,
conscious of an unquestioned six;
The continuous Pavilion thunder bellowing after each true lightning stroke,
That is manna for the soul.

Once more the Australians will wend their way to the Oval to-morrow. This time the South of England will be fair game for the Cornstalks. Let us hope the wicket on the Surrey ground will not play such fantastic tricks as it has been doing of late. A few years ago the Surrey wicket was among the best in England; now it is not far from being the worst. Why is this?

Meanwhile, a great battle will begin at Nottingham, where the home county will antagonise Lancashire. Up to date neither county is strongly in the swim for the championship, but there is still hope for all. Notts, at home, is always a formidable eleven. William Gunn at present is at his very best. Three times this season he has scored a century and over, and has ever so many more up his sleeve. Arthur Shrewsbury has still his centuries to make, and woe be to the bowlers who find him in form. Old Barnes is still good for fifties, and Wilfred Flowers may blossom out into hundreds on the least provocation. On the other side, Frank Sugg has signalled his return to form by 169 (not out) against Sussex, and, while Albert Ward has been fitfully flashing, he has not yet got in among the hundreds. With so many giants of the game, Nottingham should be a happy place for cricketers during the next three days.

Nor must we forget Sussex. The seaside county has been coming on at a great rate, thanks chiefly to some big batting performances by Brann and Bean. The little professional played a great innings of 186 the other week against Lancashire, and he is still asking for more. His opportunity will come to-morrow, when Sussex meet Middlesex at Brighton.

Next Monday will again see the Australians at Lord's, where they meet the Players of England. This fixture will show of what stuff the Cornstalks are made, if it does not altogether overwhelm our visitors. What a side it is possible to get up against them—stronger almost than a representative eleven of England! How, for instance, would the Australians fare against the following professional eleven: Gunn, Shrewsbury, Flowers, Bean, Peal, Sugg, Attewell, Lockwood, Richardson, Wainwright, and Sherwin?

ATHLETICS.

Where and when is the record-breaking of Sid Thomas to stop? It would appear as if this remarkable distance runner had only to set himself going to beat any and every record from two to twenty miles. In the three miles inter-club race at Stamford Bridge, the other week, he accomplished the distance in 14 min. 24 sec., or 5 2-5 sec. better than the previous best, which stood in the name of Kibblewhite. I hear that F. E. Bacon, the well-known Ashton harrier, is to leave England for Canada in September, and in the interval he wishes to get on a race with Thomas. Everyone appears to want to run Thomas nowadays, and in one or two cases I fear the challenges are made with a view to advertisement.

With so many American wheelmen in England at present, the interest felt in the coming championships is intense. Many seem to think that Sanger and Zimmerman may carry all before them, but there are others whose judgment is, perhaps, keener and clearer than that of the crowd, who believe that A. W. Harris or A. J. Watson are just as likely to retain the honours for England. Watson, who is a young member of the Polytechnic Club, has only come out as a rider of class within the last few weeks, and in that time he has very nearly set the Thames on fire. His spurt of the final 100 yards is simply terrific.

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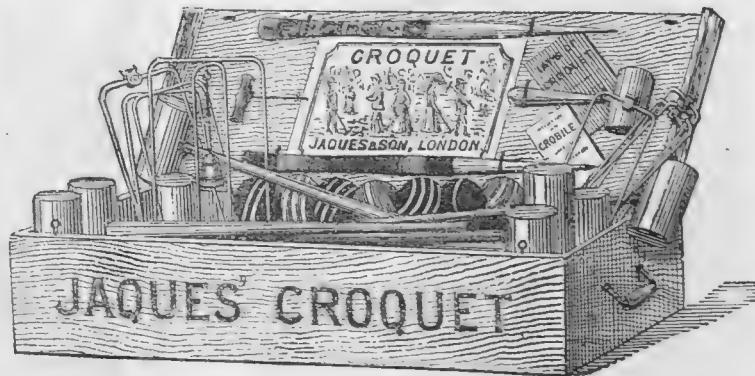
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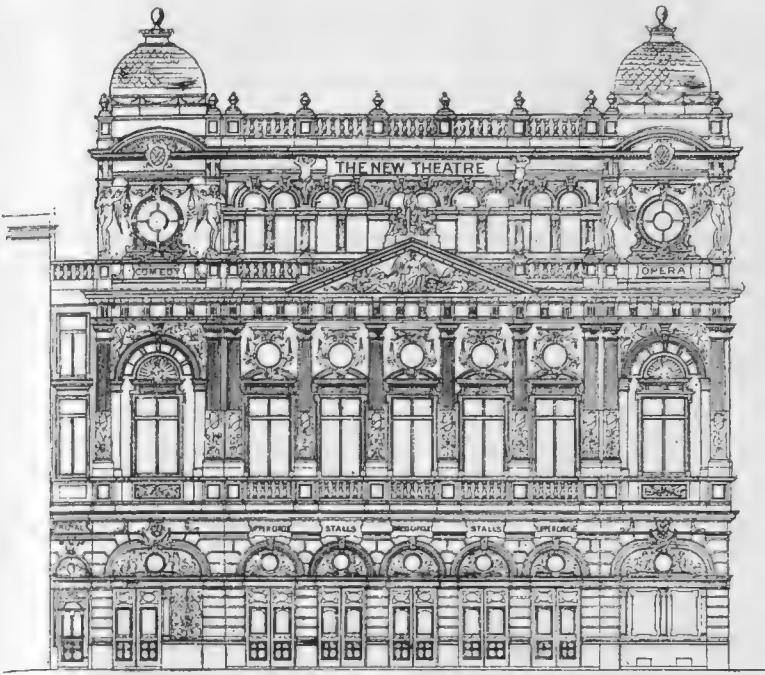
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A CHAT WITH LONDON'S LATEST THEATRE ARCHITECT.

I found Mr. Spencer Chadwick, the architect of Augustin Daly's new London theatre (shortly to be opened in Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square), in his offices within the shadow of the Westminster Clock Tower.

It was not for the first time, however, that I had met this genial man of business, with whom architecture is as much a passion as a



DALY'S NEW THEATRE, CRANBOURNE STREET.

From the Architect's design.

profession, and with whose work in reconstruction at the Adelphi, the Vaudeville, and the Tivoli so much general satisfaction in the theatrical world has been expressed.

"Well, Mr. Chadwick, are we to regard Daly's Theatre as an ideal work of yours, for I assume that you have had pretty well a free hand?" I asked, after the conventional greetings.

"Yes; I think so. I have endeavoured to construct the house as perfect as possible as respects all the requirements and comforts which in a theatre must necessarily be more or less conventional."

"Of course, the primary objects are to ensure every person in the house being able to hear and see?"

"Naturally. Well, as to the acoustic properties of the house, they must be proved by experience; but as to seeing, I can speak with confidence, as every side sight-line from every seat in the house meets at a point beyond and below the conductor's chair. It follows, therefore, if he can be seen from every place in the house, every part of the stage is visible; however, I rather pride myself on having given a distinct grace to all my lines and curves. There are no pillars to obstruct the view, support being obtained by the employment of the cantilever principle."

"Well, that is good news. Now tell me about the exits, as, personally, I am rather nervous."

"There is a double way to every seat, and all parts of the house have double exits. Perhaps you may like to know that the London County Council has expressed complete satisfaction with the plans in all respects."

"I hope you have provided a separate royal entrance, for, although I am very loyal, I find it an intolerable nuisance to be imprisoned in the stalls while certain illustrious personages take their departure."

"Oh, you won't be so annoyed at Daly's. The royal entrance is quite apart. The royal box has a little aside hall, a smoking-room, &c. But you had better come upstairs and see the plans and elevation."

"That's the elevation," said Mr. Chadwick, presently, laying out the drawing before the window. "I have employed Somersetshire Ham Hill stone for the external work. I am very disposed to advocate its use in London. It lasts splendidly, provided it lies on its natural bed, but then it is necessary that it should be worked at the quarry itself. You perceive the style is Italian, treated freely, sometimes called Neo-Greek. The lower part of the façade is of the rustic order; the foyer door is Doric, crowned with a pediment; while the upper portion is Attic. The towers on each side, giving good shadows, are ornamented with *caryatides columnæ*."

"I fancy you take an immense interest in this latest work of yours. Am I right?"

"Not more, I hope, than in all I undertake," he replied, with a smile. "Perhaps in this case we have given more than the usual amount of care. For instance, we have had all the carving roughed out by our own people, instead of leaving it in the ordinary way to the carver. Then, all the plaster work has been specially modelled, every bit having been cast straight from the mould, as, for example, all that

bold work in bas-relief which you observe on the box and tier fronts. The proscenium is also treated in a much bolder style than has been done before. How do you like those mermaids and this water effect?"

"Very much; the work is beautiful. Now tell me something about the colouring, please."

"Well, suppose we are entering here at the main entrance," said Mr. Chadwick, putting his finger on the drawing. "The hall presents a general tone of white and gold, which becomes richer in character in the foyer above, of which you catch a glimpse through the well-hole of the staircase. Above, the cupola ceiling gives plenty of air-space, and this hooded chimney-piece, with its open grate, in which American logs appear to be blazing by a new arrangement of asbestos and gas, gives a real sense of warmth."

"I see the entrance is nearly on a level with the balcony stalls."

"Except these four stairs. Now we enter the house, and I trust the colour effect I have arranged will give the same sense of comfort as if one were entering a handsomely furnished drawing-room. The upholstery will be red, worked with black gold thread, and all the enrichments will give an idea of bronze, gold, and silver, similar to some of the Japanese papers. The roof is red; blue was proposed at one time, but I could not really countenance it."

"Now we come to the foyer, I suppose?"

"Yes; and here I can claim a novelty in theatrical construction, I think; for you will observe that the foyer is connected with the hall. Looking over this rail, we command a view of the entrance-hall, while above we can look up to the cupola ceiling, as you did just now as you entered the house."

"I suppose the lighting is by electricity, and presents no special novelty?"

"Not much, except, perhaps, on the stage, which is forty-three feet deep and sixty feet wide—nearly as large as that of the Lyceum. Instead of limelights, we have introduced distinct coloured electric lanterns, by which we shall be able to produce a more gradual growth of colour, like one sees in nature at sunrise, for instance."

"Now, may I venture to ask if there will be a clock over the proscenium? It would give us so much security against losing the last train."

"Would it, indeed? It would give me quite the reverse feeling, unless I knew it was automatically wound up; otherwise, I would not put much faith in its being wound up at all in a theatre, you understand," he replied, with a significant nod.

The subject of the clock reminded me to consult my own watch, for I did not wish to overstay my welcome.

T. H. L.

ARE CHEVALIER IMITATIONS VULGAR?

Mr. Alfred J. Morris feels aggrieved by the remark which Mr. Albert Chevalier dropped to our interviewer with regard to replies to his famous coster songs. "Few, if any, of the replies," Mr. Chevalier said, "have got the right backbone in them. There is no use in stringing a lot of slang language together with no natural human motive. That is merely vulgarising vulgarity." To which Mr. Morris, writing to us, says: "As I think there have been only seven reply songs produced, out of which I am the author of five, the remark appears to be specially levelled at me, and is calculated to do me considerable harm. May I, therefore, ask you to kindly give publicity to the fact that the reply songs written by me were considered by the Press and public to be absolutely free from vulgarity? In New York the success of 'Lizer' Awkins' was so great, and its pathetic story so appreciated, that Miss Lawrence was re-engaged at a much larger salary. It earned for her the sobriquet of 'the Coster Girl,' and she was presented with a gold medal, in the centre of which was her miniature as 'Lizer,' and the inscription was 'For artistic merit.' This is the only song that has ever gained a gold medal for the singer. It is published by Mr. Chevalier's publishers. And 'Our Little Kiddy,' a sequel to 'The Coster's Courtship,' now being sung by Mr. Arthur Combes, has been so kindly noticed by the London and provincial Press that it needs no further comment."

A WORKING-MAN'S UNIVERSITY.

That Battersea, with a John Burns representing it, should have a thriving Polytechnic Institute is only as it should be. The spacious building of this University of South-West London cost as much as £36,000, and this, too, without the great hall, swimming baths, and women's gymnasium with which, but for the great additional cost, it was to have been provided. There is a proposal to affiliate another institute in Battersea, the University College Home, with the Polytechnic, which has been chiefly designed to provide technical and scientific education with reference to the requirements of the district.

TO AN OLD FASHION-PLATE.

Pinned to the garret wall, for many years
You've been a never-failing source of jest,
And every youngster's merry laugh would ring
While wondering how folks ever could have dressed
In such a crazy and outlandish thing.
But times have changed, and now, behold! my dears,
A very different tune we'll have to sing,
For grandma's gown, exhumed from mouldy chest,
Is "very swagger"—"really sweet"—this spring.—*Life.*

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

This is the week of weeks for the Master of the Buckhounds, who is for the time being the "I am" of Ascot. It is gratifying to know that Lord Ribblesdale, who this year officiates as M.C. of the Royal Meeting for the first time, is once more convalescent, but his Lordship had a very severe attack of influenza, and he will have to take very great



Photo by Hills and Saunders, Eton.

LORD RIBBESDALE.

care of himself not to catch cold when the hunting season opens. Lord Ribblesdale is just in his prime, as he was born in 1854, and is not yet forty. He was formerly a captain in the Rifle Brigade. He is a member of Brook's and Pratt's, but, strange to say, not of the Turf Club. As a matter of fact, his Lordship is not a racing man, though, according to a recent law, he is, by virtue of his office, an honorary member of the Jockey Club for the time being. It is a remarkable fact, and one worthy of note, that the present Master of Her Majesty's Buckhounds should own the following for a crest: "Out of a ducal coronet a stag's head erased per fesse, proper and gules." Then, again, one of the supporters of his arms is a stag, charged on the body with an eagle. Lord Ribblesdale, during the last month, has been inundated with applications for permits to enter the Royal Enclosure, and, although many have been refused, he has been very happy in his choice of company.

The life of a prosperous racing official must be a happy one. Take the case of Mr. E. S. Brown, to whose energy and business aptitude the success of the Plumpton, Yarmouth, and Salisbury Meetings is due. Mr. Brown, it is true, has to attend many of the home fixtures, to solicit entries and answer queries for his patrons. Notwithstanding this, however, he is able to spend many months of the year on his houseboat in the upper reaches of the Thames, and, as a matter of fact, he is in residence at the present time. The life must be a jolly one. During the winter Mr. Brown lives in a handsome flat in one of the West Central squares; but, with his usual never-to-be-beaten luck, he has let this furnished for the summer months. M. Cannon is also very fond of the water, and he keeps his boat—a rowing boat, not a houseboat—in the neighbourhood of Marlow, and often rusticates 'twixt Saturday and Monday, putting in some strong aquatic work to pull the flesh off.

The fight for premiership among the jockeys will be a somewhat severe one this year, although I think Tom Loates will beat M. Cannon in the long run, as his weight gives him such a good choice of mounts. Loates takes the greatest possible care of himself. He is a strict

teetotaler, and eats very little. He enters body and soul into his work, and is terribly anxious to come out at the top of the list this year. M. Cannon is, too, very abstemious. He has received a college education, and, what is more, looks it. Perhaps we have no stronger jockey in England in a close finish than Cannon, who, I think, is riding just now quite as well as his father ever did. He has delicate hands for the handling of two-year-olds, and displays the finest judgment of pace when riding young horses. He must be invaluable to the Stockbridge stable just now in riding trials, and, again, in races. John Watts is a capable jockey, but he has had to ride several bad horses of late, and a similar remark will apply to George Barrett.

News comes from Ireland that the sporting sons of Erin are expecting to see Isinglass beaten for the St. Leger by The Jew, a son of Favot out of Esther, who has carried all before him in the distressful country. His last win in the Baldyole Derby was a creditable one, and the colt can, it is said, stay for a week, so the St. Leger course should not be too far for him. The Jew is owned by Mr. H. E. Linde, who trains at the Curragh, and has, up to now, done better with his steeplechasers than with his flat-racers. Mr. Linde in his young days was a soldier, and he finished up by becoming a very popular sergeant-major in a crack horse regiment. He is a capital judge of a thoroughbred, but I do not think even he can hope to see The Jew beat Isinglass, although the latter had to be spurred in the race for the Derby. I fancy Ravensbury ran like a stayer at Epsom. This colt belongs to a good patron of the Turf, Mr. C. D. Rose, who, rumour has it, is about to sell his horses. I hope, however, that rumour is wrong, for once.

I regret to hear that one or two of our young plungers have caught it warm of late and are unable to settle. It is not generally known that the majority of our largest bookmakers have thousands of pounds of dead money on their books, yet such is the case, and this will account for their trading under the odds so often. One peneiller told me the other day that he was owed over £100,000. I asked him why he did not post his debtors as defaulters, and he told me that such a proceeding would spell ruin to him, as the Upper Ten would no longer patronise his book for fear of meeting with a similar fate sooner or later. The big peneiller also informed me that some of "the old" come in occasionally. For instance, a young officer had owed him four or five thousand for years, and he did not expect to receive a single halfpenny. However, a week or two back, the soldier sent a cheque for five hundred pounds, promising the balance in the near future. At another time a young nobleman got himself into the said peneiller's debt; but the young sprig of nobility took a hand at cards at one of the West-End clubs on a certain night, and captured many thousands. The first thing he did on the following morning was to pay his betting debts in full.

As I have written many times before, the real work of getting Ascot into shape, and keeping it all right the year round, devolves upon the shoulders of Major Clement, who is Clerk of the Course and manager of



Heiseyback

MAJOR REYNOLD CLEMENT.

Photo by Van der Weyde, Regent Street, W.

the meeting. Major Clement lives hard by the Heath, and seldom misses a day the year through of putting in an appearance on the old track. The Major is an affable gentleman, held in the highest respect by those dependent on him. He has to employ a lot of labour, and it must be admitted that everything is done to perfection at this meeting.

The finest tribute ever accorded to sterling merit is contained in the "Lancet" of August 8, 1891, which embodies the Report of the "Lancet" Special Commissioner on Natural Mineral Waters. JOHANNIS—the subject of the Report—being selected from amongst the Natural Mineral Waters of the World as ALONE WORTHY OF THIS UNPRECEDENTED DISTINCTION.

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"The remainder of a bottle opened and recorked exhibited marked effervescence after four days. The carbonic gas is exceptionally pure, being the *Natural* gas collected from the Springs."—MEDICAL ANNUAL, 1892.

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VIEW OF THE BOTTLING DEPOT, ZOLLHAUS, GERMANY, WHERE THE WATER IS BOTTLED DIRECT FROM THE SPRING.

EXTRACT FROM AN ARTICLE WHICH APPEARED IN "THE SKETCH" OF MAY 31, 1893, DESCRIBING THE JOHANNIS SPRING AND BOTTLING WORKS:

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"The capacity or yield of the spring is 35,000 gallons a day, and so much is this particular water becoming appreciated in England and elsewhere that the

company's business has doubled itself during the past year. Indeed, so general has the consumption of mineral waters become in England, and so much are those waters coming into favour which Nature has herself aerated for our use, that the Johannis, which is unsurpassed for purity and healthful character, bids fair to again double its sale during the ensuing year. The carbonic acid gas which it contains is of unusual purity, its chemical analysis showing that 100 parts contain 99.92 pure carbonic acid.

"The temperature of the water is the same winter and summer, while the freshness is retained for several days after the bottles are uncorked. Its ever cool and refreshing character is to the consumer its great charm."

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MISS ALMA MURRAY, the eminent actress, writes: "Will you please tell me where I can obtain Marza Wine? Since I had an attack of influenza I have been troubled with neuralgic pains, and my doctor has recommended me to take a few bottles of your wine."

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MISS ADRIENNE DAIROLLES, the well-known actress, writes: "I have been feeling below par for the last few days, very fatigued up with the anxiety, one always feels at the approach of a first night; a sister artist advised me to try Marza Wine. It is a very good tonic, and I have derived great benefit from taking it."

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A SISTER writes: "Many thanks for your welcome gift of Marza Wine; it has been of wonderful use to us."



PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

The Irish revolt of Wednesday afternoon last caused quite a sensation. It was the first time the whole body of both sections of the Irish Nationalist party had voted "against the Government." Mr. Redmond's little following had done so before, but not the McCarthyites—or the Sextonites, as they ought now to be called. The particular point upon which the quarrel came was not a very important one—at least, it did not seem so to Mr. Morley, who was then conducting affairs. Mr. Brodrick had moved an amendment including in the list of subjects which the Irish Legislature should not have power to touch "the immigration and expulsion of aliens and the rights of aliens resident in Ireland." The exclusive clause already contained the word "alienage"—whatever that may mean; and Mr. Morley thought that Mr. Brodrick's words would already be covered by a following sub-section which prohibited the Irish Legislature from making laws affecting the Imperial relations with foreign nations. But, to do away with any doubt, he was willing to insert the word "aliens" into the clause, so that sub-section 6 would read "treason, treason felony, alienage, aliens, or naturalisation." Then the row came. Mr. Healy protested against the Government doing anything just to satisfy the Opposition, when they had stated that the word would make no difference. Then Mr. Sexton got up and discovered that the word did make a great deal of difference, and that the Tories were stealing away the jurisdiction of the Irish Legislature over an undiscovered number of sojourners within its borders. The lawyers on both sides talked a great deal without coming to any clear view of the matter, and at last, when the division was taken, it was found that 139 members had voted against the Government, only one of these being a Conservative. The Government majority was 189, but two-thirds of the 328 who followed them into the lobby were Unionist members.

THE SHARE OF THE RADICALS.

The Nationalists were supported in their opposition to the Government by sixty-six Radical members, and this revolt has its interesting side, too. Only the day before, the "Radical Committee" had met at the House of Commons, under the chairmanship of Mr. Picton, the active and earnest but faddist member for Leicester. The meeting had not been at all a happy one. Certain Radical members had been exceedingly frank about the conduct of the Home Rule Bill in Committee, and it is rather instructive to note, therefore, that sixty-six of these protesters took occasion on the first opportunity to show Mr. Gladstone that they do not approve of the present state of business. It would be an error to think that Mr. Sexton had any idea in his mind of making a protest quite of that character when he led his party into the "No" Lobby. The Irishmen are simply sick at the way in which the Government are conceding points to the Opposition, and whittling away the sovereignty and uncontrolled power which they hoped to secure in the Home Rule Bill. From their point of view the revolt was the outcome of a feeling that the "nationhood" of Ireland is being day by day slighted and sacrificed. Mr. Sexton knows his own supporters in Ireland, and he can't afford to let Mr. Redmond be always standing up for the rights of his "nation." But the protesting Radicals were not thinking so much of that as of the Registration Bill, the Veto Bill, the Disestablishment Bill, the Parish Councils Bill, and all the glorious Newcastle programme, that are now swamped by this never-ending Committee, or discredited, or lost. They are getting at last to know that they have been "done." Uganda was bad enough; but what is the use of countenancing that if none of the Radical measures are obtained as a *quid pro quo*?

PARLIAMENTARY INDIGESTION.

The discussion in Committee itself certainly does not proceed briskly, and talk runs mainly upon devices to cut it short. But the difficulty is that really heroic measures are impossible with Mr. Gladstone as Prime Minister. We may conceive of a time when Mr. John Burns or Lord Randolph Churchill shall, like a second Cromwell, march into the House and give the order to "Remove that bauble," but the time is not yet. Meanwhile, the tension of feeling in the House is getting strained. We are all losing our tempers merely through the weariness of Home Rule. An instructive instance of the irritation was the scene over Mr. Ambrose. People who only know Mr. Ambrose, Q.C., in the Law Courts will hardly realise a "scene" in connection with this low-voiced, persuasive little man, who looks up humorously through his spectacles, with his eyes bunched up, as if he could not hurt a fly. But on Thursday night the House of Commons, or, rather, its majority, aggressively sat on Mr. Ambrose. An amendment of his had been ruled out of order, and "on a point of order"—as it appeared afterwards—the honourable member rose to make some explanation to Mr. Mellor. But Mr. Balfour, just a few moments before, to the great disgust of the Irishmen, had also been tackling the Chairman, and the possible repetition of this the howling brigade determined to prevent. Before Mr. Ambrose had explained himself he was shouted down, and Mr. Mellor at once crushed Mr. Ambrose, and threatened him with being named for disorderly conduct. All this time Mr. Ambrose was ineffectually trying to explain his point of order. But his gesticulations were only comical, and we are still ignorant of what the row was all about. It was rather amusing to find Mr. Mellor at last getting hold of someone to whom he could stand up. The mild man, when roused, is a veritable tyrant.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

I fancy that we have now reached the most critical stage of the Home Rule debate, and that a few days, or, at most, two or three weeks will practically decide the fate of the measure. I confess that I find a more hopeful tone on the Ministerial benches. Somehow, the cloud has been lifted. It may gather again, but for the moment there is a certain buoyancy, inspired, perhaps, by Mr. Gladstone's own exceeding hopefulness and by the calm way in which he has waved aside all proposals for drastic measures. It is whispered, indeed, that the Cabinet is not entirely at one with the Premier on this point, but, at all events, the steady courage of the Old Man has gained the day, and for the present we shall go on beating down amendments, one by one, but keeping clear of revolution. It is not, however, only with regard to the Cabinet that rumour is busy. On all sides one hears that a little rift within the lute is threatening the Opposition music. There are, of course, certain individual rivalries associated with the Unionist and Tory alliance, which it is difficult to ignore. Look, for instance, at Mr. Chamberlain's position. He is incomparably the finest debater which the Opposition forces can command. Practically, he conducts the battle alone, Mr. Balfour acting for the most part as a mere shield-bearer to the leading champion. Now, all this cannot but be intensely galling to the rank-and-file of the Tories. Here they see a man not of their class, not of their type, with an unamiable character and a high temper, carrying things all his own way, initiating policy, forcing divisions, suggesting the whole line of Unionist argument. Moreover, it is said that Mr. Balfour has already indicated his disapproval of the nagging policy which keeps the House discussing questions of third and fourth-rate importance, and fritters away the more serious spirit of criticism.

SICK OF THE BILL.

Then there are the social considerations. Already the House is sick of the Bill, while in the same breath a curious, subtle change of feeling in regard to it is going on on the Opposition benches. Somehow, the plan does not seem so outrageous as when it first caught the eye of the House. Objections disappear when they are viewed close at hand, and the reasonableness as well as the possibility of Home Rule grows with the very familiarity of the debate. Still, the House is wearying. It is pleasant enough on the terrace with pretty ladies by your side, and every night there are purple patches of debate which hold the eye and stir the interest. But the perpetual marching through division lobbies, and the half work, half idleness of it all—above all, the bother of having to give up social engagements, shooting prospects, and all that the word pleasure means to rich and fashionable folk—is too utterly galling, so that, though there are fifty-five pages of amendments on the paper, though as many as a score are sometimes added in a single evening, and though we have never been able to dispose of more than a page on the very best evening that the Government has ever had, I repeat that there is just now this sense of hopefulness that the Bill will, after all, go through.

THE UNIONIST GAME.

Meanwhile, the Unionist game is being played unscrupulously enough. Take one typical instance. On Wednesday afternoon Mr. Courtney got up with his usual oppressive look of saintliness, in order to suggest that Ireland, if she were to have Home Rule at all, ought certainly to possess the liberty of controlling her own trade, external as well as internal, and, if she liked, of imposing protective duties. The Bill, of course, does not allow her to do anything of the kind. A most improper restriction, argued Mr. Courtney, solemnly. Turned on this promising scent, the whole Unionist pack ran with the keenness of practised hunters. The very next evening a totally different proposition was submitted by them. Ireland to have power of protecting herself against our manufactures! What monstrous injustice! And straight away all the gentlemen who a few hours before had argued in favour of absolutely free commerce for Ireland now proposed to restrict it even more uncompromisingly than Mr. Gladstone suggests. A more flagrant and shameless wrecking policy was never pursued—utterly unparliamentary, dangerous in the extreme, and full of pitfalls for the men who adopt it. Here, again, one seems to see the hand of Mr. Chamberlain, the hand of a man who, willing the end, wills the means—pitiless, unthinking, subordinating consistency, public honour, and policy to the purpose which consumes his whole being.

THE PRESSURE OF IT.

For the rest, the pressure under which the House is doing its work is unparalleled. In one of the divisions of last week 599 members took part. The House, save for the brief and perpetually shrinking dinner hour, is always crowded. The votes of every member are closely watched, and an hour's absence is commented on. A curious incident of this kind came before my notice. The other day a Radical member was seen to quit the House hurriedly just before a division. A storm of inquiry immediately pursued him. It turned out that this gentleman has for several weeks been alternating between the bedside of a sick daughter and attendance at St. Stephen's. He has often made many journeys in the course of the evening between the House and his distant suburban home. This is but one instance of the sense of duty, combined with Mr. Marjoribanks' influence, which has maintained the Government majority.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

I sometimes wonder whether Fashion will ever exhaust herself and come to a standstill at last for sheer want of new ideas. It seems almost impossible to keep on finding absolute novelties, and whenever



A SMART NEW GOWN.

I come to the end of my tether I always find my way to the Maison Jay, in Regent Street, for custom cannot stale the infinite variety of their confections, and their inventive genius never seems to fail. On my last visit I came across some specially beautiful things, which made me feel that there was still something left to chronicle in the world of fashion.

One of the smartest gowns which I saw was of holland, but holland glorified and transfigured to such an extent that, in comparison with the ordinary holland costume, it was as an exotic is to a dandelion. The skirt was trimmed from hem to waist with bands of narrow white satin ribbon, and the coat bodice had revers and basques of white satin, covered with guipure lace (which exactly matched the tone of the holland), the latter finished off with jet ornaments and satin rosettes. The vest was of white crêpe de Chine, with bands of guipure insertion, and was confined at the waist by a folded belt of white satin, finishing off in a rosette at the back.

Another lovely dress was of black crépon, the skirt being covered with narrow frills of soie de Chine, headed by insertion bands of cream guipure. The bodice was made entirely of gathered soie de Chine, run through with bands of the insertion, while the sleeves to the elbow were formed of three frills of soie de Chine, the tight-fitting cuffs being of the crépon. The gown was beautiful as it was, but a perfect finishing touch was given by the addition of a waist-belt and neck-band of geranium-pink velvet, tied in graceful, careless bows.

I realised what could be done with blue serge when I saw a gown of this popular and ever-fashionable material, the skirt being simply trimmed with two insertion bands of cream guipure, one placed at the hem and another just below the waist. The zouave bodice was edged with lace, and had large revers of white satin bordered with an appliqué of lace, opening over a full vest of white chiffon, finished off with a folded collar of white satin, tied in a bow at the back. But loveliest of all was an

ideally beautiful dress of dead-white crépon, the skirt edged with a band of cream satin ribbon, while midway up the skirt were two similar bands, with a band of old lace in the centre. The bodice was fastened at the waist with a satin belt, tied in a loose bow, and had full shoulder capes, edged with lace, and a V-shaped vest back and front of white chiffon. The dead-white of the crépon, the creamy hue of the glistening satin, and the mellow tints of the lovely old lace formed a perfect study in delicate colourings.

And now, on the principle of keeping the very best till the last, I will tell you about the gown which, by special permission, I was allowed to have sketched for you. It is absolutely the latest production of a firm always noted for its genuine novelties, so I am sure that you will appreciate it. It is of heliotrope and black shot glacé, the skirt trimmed with four graduated flounces, each one being edged with narrow baby ribbons. The coat bodice, which is wonderfully smart and quite new, is arranged with triple basques, and gracefully draped cascade revers, over a full vest of lovely old lace. Is not that an exquisite gown? But to fully appreciate its beauty you should see it for yourself, as the colouring is one of its greatest charms.

I could not go away without having a look at the millinery, which is always particularly beautiful. I fell in love with a hat which had a crown of black straw, edged with a loose full frill of accordion-pleated chiffon, which was caught up in front with a wide bow of black satin ribbon, while one full-blown tea-rose and a half-opened bud rested on the hair. The effect of the softly falling chiffon as a framework to the face was eminently satisfactory and becoming. A smart bonnet was of bright grass-green straw, edged with cream lace, the trimming, both at the back and in the front, consisting of two erect black wings and clusters of violets, which gave it the square appearance which is so fashionable just now. For simplicity and artistic beauty, I must, I think, give the palm to a large hat of cream Leghorn, with black ostrich tips and black satin rosettes. Two rosettes were placed underneath the brim in front, and the hat was tied with broad strings of black net, which formed long scarf-ends in front, and gave a wonderful finish both to the hat and to the gown worn with it. Another simple and equally pretty hat was of deep cream straw, the brim covered with three full accordion-pleated frills, the centre one being of white chiffon, bordered with an edging of very narrow black lace appliquéd, the top and bottom ones being of black net, with an edging of white lace. Two black wings at each side formed the only other trimming. A delightfully rustic-looking hat was of green matting straw, similar (except in colour) to that which is so often used for tying up bunches of flowers. It was trimmed with clusters of pink roses and buds intermixed with rosettes and loops of grass-green straw, and, in addition to being remarkably pretty and novel, had the advantage of being no heavier than a feather. In marked contrast was a very smart and elaborate bonnet, formed of jet beads and sequins, trimmed at each side in Mercury fashion, with a tiny wing of shimmering bluish green, and one red rose, while in the centre was placed a cluster of violets.

A NEW PIANO.

To the vast majority of people a grand piano would be, in many respects, a veritable white elephant, and, unless they are the possessors of large



A NEW UPRIGHT GRAND PIANO.

[Continued on page 390]

By Special Appointment.

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FREDERICK
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Fish Napkins, 2/11 per doz. Dinn'r Napkins, 56/ per doz. Table Cloths, 2 yds. square, 2/11; 2 1/2 yds. by 3 yds., 5/11 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 11 1/2 yds. each. Strong Huckaback Towels, 4/6 per doz. Frilled Linen Pillow Cases, from 1/24.

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and lofty rooms, they had much better be without what is to the fortunate few who are lucky enough to have large and lofty rooms a most desirable acquisition. There is good news now, however, for all lovers of music, for Messrs. Chappell and Co., of 50, New Bond Street, have just introduced a new upright grand piano, which, while taking up no more room than an ordinary piano, has all the power, delicacy of touch, and tone-sustaining capacity of the most powerful grand. Such pianos as these are the very best proof of the wonderful perfection to which the art of pianoforte-making has attained in England, and ought to make us proud of our English firms. I should like you to go and see Messrs. Chappell's new piano, and when once you have heard it you will be as delighted with it as I was. Some idea of its undeniably merits may be gained by mentioning the fact that the orders are coming in so rapidly that it is difficult to keep the supply up to the demand. The young people who are engaged in the delightful occupation of furnishing cannot do better than inspect Messrs. Chappell's latest production.

NOVELTIES FOR WEDDING PRESENTS.

Hymen is, without doubt, the presiding deity of this and the next month, and his devotees are flocking to his shrine from far and near in numbers which grow larger every day. As a consequence, the army of present-seekers are racking their brains and scouring the shops for the gifts



which are the invariable accompaniment of weddings, and which generally cause the donors a good deal of anxious thought. Most people would like, if possible, to give something which would be novel, useful, and pretty, and as a combination of these qualities is not always



an easy thing to obtain, I think that some of you may be glad to hear of some novelties which I found at Wilson and Gill's, 134, Regent Street, the other day, when I was on a voyage of discovery on my own behalf. One particularly charming wedding present, which would,



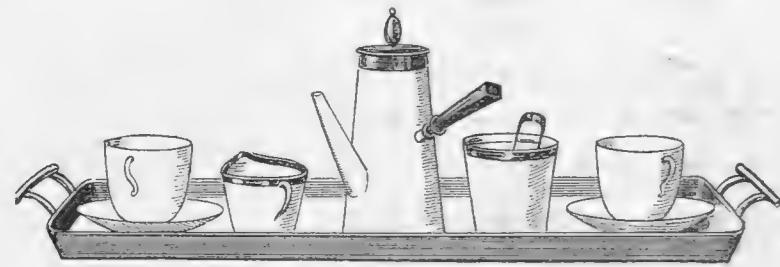
I am sure, find favour in the eyes of the most fastidious bride or bridegroom, consisted of a silver tray in the new long, narrow shape, which is becoming so fashionable, four dainty cups and saucers, and a prettily shaped coffee pot, sugar basin, and cream jug of white Coalport china, mounted in silver-gilt. The little spoons, which were most fascinatingly pretty, were of silver-gilt, the handles finished off with coffee-beans. Those who like to be realistic in the smallest details can drink their black coffee out of similar sets in black Coalport china, lined with white, and also mounted with silver-gilt.

Then there was an afternoon tea-stand of white Coalport china, fitted with four plates, cups and saucers, a dish for strawberries, and a silver cream jug and sugar basin, lined with silver-gilt. It was very gracefully designed, and, in addition to looking beautiful, was practically



useful. Very lovely was the long silver tray, which held six of the daintiest black coffee cups in beautiful Staffordshire china with stands of chased silver. Anyone in search of a somewhat elaborate and altogether beautiful present will find this set perfection.

A very pretty salad bowl of white Coalport china was appropriately formed in the shape of curved lettuce-leaves, while a silver stand and handles, spoon and fork, set off its dainty whiteness to the best advantage. Bonbon dishes there were, of course, in all varieties, for they are always in great demand as wedding presents. The prettiest and quaintest of all was, without doubt, "The Quaigh," which was an exact reproduction in pierced silver work of the horn drinking cups which Scotchmen invariably carry about them when on their native heath; in order that if a sudden thirst assail them they may, should a convenient brook appear in sight, have the means of drinking in comfort—though I would not venture to suggest that water is the only liquid beverage



which finds its way into these little cups. However, "The Quaigh" bonbon dishes are sufficiently pretty to be appreciated for their own sakes, quite apart from the associations which would endear them to the heart of a Scotchman. As I have got illustrations of all these pretty things for you, your task should be a comparatively easy one, and I can also commend to your special notice a game pie-dish of white china, which, when taken out of the oven, has only to be placed in a handsome silver stand, with silver lid and boar-tusk handles, to be a most presentable and attractive addition to any table. Young housekeepers would be sure to appreciate such a contrivance. Splendid hair-brushes, with handsome chased silver backs, are simply marvellous value at thirty shillings, and a present such as this is certain to be acceptable, while the low price will be a very pleasant and important recommendation to many. In fact, to make a long story short and give you the best possible advice in a nutshell, I can only say that you should find your way to 134, Regent Street whenever the claims of relationship or friendship demand a votive offering.

FLORENCE.

With an artiste like Madame Albani, who seems to be constantly rivalling her own achievements in the concert-room with triumphs in opera, mistakes as to her portraits are, perhaps, excusable. The full-page picture in last week's issue should have been entitled "Madame Albani as Eva," for it was a photograph of the great singer in her famous rôle in "Die Meistersinger." In the case of Mrs. Patrick Campbell an error as to title also unfortunately occurred. The words "as the Second Mrs. Tanqueray" should have been omitted.

LYCEUM.—MR. HENRY IRVING, Lessee and Manager. OLIVIA. To-day, Wednesday, at 2. THE LYONS MAIL, To-night, Wednesday, at 8.20. BECKET, by Alfred Lord Tennyson, To-morrow (Thursday) and Friday Night, at 8.20. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, next Saturday Morning, at 2. THE BELLS, next Saturday Night, at 9.10. Preceded, at 8.20, by A REGULAR FIX. MATINEE of BECKET, Wednesday, June 21, at 2. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 till 5. Seats also Booked by Letter or Telegram.—LYCEUM.

NEW ROUTE to the CONTINENT, via the Great Eastern Railway Company, HARWICH and the HOOK OF HOLLAND, daily (Sundays included). Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8 p.m., and the principal Northern and Midland towns in the afternoon. Diving Car between York and Harwich, via March. New twin-screw SS. Chelmsford. Through carriages to Germany run alongside the steamers at the Hook of Holland. Return Fares to Amsterdam, 38s. 7d., Cologne, 44s. 9d., Berlin, 51s. 2d. ANTWERP, via Harwich, every week-day. Hamburg, by G.S.N. Company's steamers, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Cheap tickets and tours to all parts of the Continent. Read the G.E.R. "Tourist Guide to the Continent," price 6d., post 8d. Particulars at 61, Regent Street, W., or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

QUICK CHEAP ROUTE to DENMARK, SWEDEN, and NORWAY, via HARWICH and ESBJERG. The United Steam-ship Company of Copenhagen Steamers sail from Harwich (Parkerston Quay) for Esbjerg, every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of the train leaving London, Liverpool Street Station, at 9.3 a.m. Returning from Esbjerg every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of 9 a.m. train from Copenhagen. Return Fares: Esbjerg, 5s.; Copenhagen, 8s. 3d. The service will be performed (weather and other circumstances permitting) by the steam-ships Koldinghus and Botnia. These fast steamers have excellent accommodation for passengers and carry no cattle. For further information address Tegner, Price, and Co., 107, Fenchurch Street, London; or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

If Ives meant what he said when he left for Paris with *Roberts v. Ives*, the parting remark that he would be willing to play Roberts again, the "jam stroke" barred, there will now be a match that will be worth seeing. Anyone who means to be there had better book his seat at once. For Roberts undertakes to meet Ives under exactly the same conditions as regards balls and pockets, and to play 12,000 up, any "jamming" to be met by a break from baulk. This is fair and sportsmanlike, and I, for one, hope it will come off. No one can be sure how the issue will go, but, at any rate, there is not the slightest reason why the late match should have shaken our faith in Roberts as the best all-round billiard-player of the day, and, as a matter of fact, Roberts would start such a match as is now proposed with a distinct advantage on the conditions, for Ives was quite evidently not thoroughly at home with the pockets. I do not at all agree with the objections which have been raised against Ives' play in certain quarters. The applause he won for himself in the room at the time was quite sufficient indication that by that company, at any rate, he was absolved from any discreditable attempt at sharp practice. The stroke was legitimate enough, as billiards stand. It was not one whit more "tricky" than the spot stroke, but, as a matter of fact, the more difficult stroke of the two. But Ives had practised it, and Roberts had not. You may bar the one stroke, or you may bar the other, but by doing so you only cut out a monotonous—and not an unfair—element from the game.

The Birds' Eggs Act. Any measure for the better protection of certain birds' eggs finds a friend in me. But I must confess to a feeling of satisfaction at seeing that the proposed Bill is certain to be cut about a good deal when it goes into Committee. It is pretty clear that it would be found impossible to apply the measure as it stands: the difficulty of bringing home a conviction would in a majority of cases be insurmountable. Many kinds of eggs are so much alike that it requires an expert to determine the species to which they belong. For example, great quantities of eggs are annually collected and sold in London as "plover's eggs." But thousands of them are not plover's eggs at all, though they closely resemble them, for terns, redshanks, and other waders contribute to this gathering. Who is to determine the species? That is an initial difficulty. A police constable or a sitting magistrate may be a clever official but a poor ornithologist. No, the obvious way is to change altogether the main provision of the Bill. Instead of protecting the eggs only, protect the areas on which they are found. Make it unlawful to take any eggs in the protected district. There are many cases in this country—without going to the notorious instance of the Farne islands—where private action has been most successful in fostering birds that threatened at one time to go altogether.

For London Bird-lovers. Two summers ago there was a great lamenting in the daily papers over the "disappearance" of the rooks of Gray's Inn. When the temporary iron building was being put up in the garden, the rooks, scared by the noise, left in a body. They had twenty-two nests then, and their young ones had not flown. The rooks were absent for five or six days, and came back to find their young ones dead. However, some of them did return, and this year there were twelve nests, and the young birds got off well. The ways of this rookery are worth noticing. As soon as the young are well on the wing, they are taken away by their parents every evening to roost somewhere out Highgate way. In the morning they return, spending the day in the gardens. So they get no other food but that provided for them by Gray's Inn—namely, the official dog-biscuit, and the odds and ends from dwellers' kitchens. Through autumn and winter these ways go on. The first week in March sees the birds again in residence, preparing to work hard at their nests. It is quaint to see the rooks at their morning ablutions, conducted entirely in a common pail set down under a tree. The list of birds is exhausted by a few pairs of ringdoves or wood-pigeons, and of sparrows not a few.

Corporal-Major J. M. Hardie. It would not be at all surprising if Hardie should get up from his bed in the military hospital to find himself a pet lion for a space. Quite possibly the popular sentiment will not stop there. English people, when they do make a favourite, are wont to do so with a vengeance. There will be quite possibly a movement to try and get this non-commissioned officer raised from the ranks or specially decorated. Well, no one will grudge him either, for he is a plucky chap, and did well. But there would just be room for a quiet smile at the idea of a man being recommended to notice for pluck during a musical ride. Still, the man is a Colonial, and it may afford the chance of doing our visitors a little graceful honour. But it reminds me of a story of a certain gallant Colonel, well known since for much good service in many lands. He was a subaltern then, a boy just joined, and he took a bird's nest under fire. He saw the nest in a tree, and he wanted the eggs—wanted them badly. So he climbed that tree, though bullets were dropping all about. Safely he went, safely he returned with his prize, cheered loudly by the men. But the next morning the Colonel summoned him to his tent. "Look here, youngster," he remarked, "just take this from me, and don't you forget it: we don't give the Victoria Cross, but something else, for bird-nesting. Now go." But as the lad crept sheepishly out, his Colonel muttered, half to himself, "Hang it, I could have kissed that boy."

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, June 10, 1893.

The continued influx of gold, backed by a 1 per cent. reduction in the bank rate, has caused a still weaker tendency in the discount markets, and, however unhealthy these sudden fluctuations in the value of money may be, we cannot conceal from ourselves that during the last fortnight the drop has been not only considerable, but even extravagant.

As we anticipated last week, the tone of the markets has, on the whole, been quite different to what it was in the days of the late panic, and, although buying orders from the general public are few and far between, the general feeling of cheerfulness is even more marked to-day than it was at the end of last week.

There has been considerable gambling in rupee paper, which is one of the safest 3 per cent. to 3½ per cent. investments we know, prompted by the hope—some people use a less kindly word—that the report of Lord Herschell's Committee will lead to Government action and an enhanced value to the Indian standard of value. One thing is perfectly certain, and that is the grave abuses which spring from the undue delay in publishing important documents after their contents are known to a number of people. Major Law's report was made a means of profit to those who knew its contents, or had early information, and it looks very much as if we were to be treated to a second edition of the Greek scandal over the Indian currency. Some day the question will be seriously mooted in Parliament, and this, like many another upas-tree of corruption, cut down; but till then, we suppose, the general public must continue to pay blackmail to the insiders, who use their official positions to obtain the earliest information.

The situation in America does not seem to be much improved by the explicit declaration of President Cleveland that he intends to call a special session of Congress to deal with the silver question. It would not surprise us if events marched too fast for Mr. Cleveland, and that he was obliged to put forward the date of the proposed session, or take some energetic action on his own responsibility long before September next. All over the world, wherever, in fact, silver is the standard of value, the mercantile community is practically paralysed by the uncertainty as to what is going to happen, and until they know the best or the worst it is idle to expect anything more than a hand-to-mouth policy on the part of buyers or sellers, so that it is abundantly self-evident, dear Sir, that this great silver question must be settled, and something like stability introduced into the value of the white metal, before we can see anything like a general revival of trade. As things stand at present men cannot either quote prices, give orders, or lay in stocks, because of the uncertainty in the value of the rupee, dollar, or whatever name you like to give the silver standard of the particular country in which they carry on business.

In Home Rail, as we anticipated last week, the southern passenger lines have been the favourites, and you may, we think, rest assured that, for investment purposes, Brighton "A's" are certainly as good, if not better, than anything else in this market. For speculation it might not be a bad plan to buy on every drop and sell on the rise which always seems to take place after each period of two or three days' financial calm. The traffics of the heavy lines are by no means good, and, although holders stick to their stock, we are inclined to think that trade depression must in the long run tell on the price of stock like London and North-Western or Midland Ordinary shares.

The English public take very little interest in Internationals, whatever certain large financial houses may do, and we do not suppose that even in the late Greek collapse many bonâ-fide investors have suffered. Considering the chances of European trouble, falling Custom House returns, depreciation in silver, and the thousand-and-one other contingencies, we cannot see much in the list which is attractive, and as a general proposition for clients who want high interest we would rather buy sound industrial shares than trust our money to the tender mercies of Spain, Greece, Brazil, and the like.

The Mexican Railway rig, promoted by certain bucket-shop keepers, whose names we will not mention for fear of giving them a cheap advertisement, goes gaily on, and if you have any second preference, dear Sir, you might as well let the clique have them, for in these things it is well not to be too greedy.

There has been a heavy drop in the shares and debentures of certain Australasian mercantile and financial companies, whose stability is considered more than doubtful on account of the certain withdrawal of deposits caused by the late heavy losses in such-like enterprises, and the chief sufferer has been Goulsborough, Short, and Co. This company has just been defendant in a very heavy action before Mr. Justice Romer, involving something like £100,000; but, as it is probable it will come victorious out of the struggle, this can hardly be the cause of the heavy fall in their securities. The holders of both shares and debentures in such companies must expect anxious times, and if the strain is more than they can bear, the sooner they get rid of their security the better.

Of course, you have not got caught in the late pneumatic tyre boomlet, dear Sir, but if by chance any of your friends should be allottees of shares in the numerous companies which have seen the light within the last few weeks, our advice to them is to try and find purchasers for their holdings with as little delay as possible.

S. Simon, Esq.

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